

APA-5iIK

My children and clone-brothers,
we will begin our service by
singing verses 263, 268, 397 and
4,312 of "Young Man Mulligan"...



GAB '79

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It is recommended that interested people send the management a couple of bucks to cover postage. Please make all checks payable to Robert Bryan Lipton and send them to 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 U.S.A.

There will be no editing of material unless specifically requested. The Management, however, reserves the right to fail to receive or even lose particularly poor items..

It is suggested that people format their material with wide left and right margins because some like to bind their filksongs, and sizable top and bottom margins to ease printing.

Lee Burwasser is keeping an index of songs published herein, the first appearance of which is in this collation. For further information, contact her. Harold Groot has been nattering about a tape collection. Anyone with brilliant ideas is encouraged.

The Management recommends that those interested join the Filk Foundation. Dues are \$15 a year and should be sent to Margeret Middleton, POB 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219. Make checks payable to the Filk Foundation.

APA-Filk #6 will be out in early May. Contributions are due by 1 May 1980. The copy count is 50. Send all contributions to Robert Lipton, address above and below.

DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #6: 1 May 1980
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STRUM UND DRANG

VOLUME II #1

S u D

ROODMAS

Inflicted on members of APA-FILK by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781. This time there will be only comments, plus as much of the index to vol I as I can get typed up and sent off in time. So here are the

twangs

FOAN: Tell you what. I'll bring the chairs and glasses, you bring the kegs. I do hope my occasional efforts at writing out tunes will spare you some efforts at researching. Tho why you object to a few hours at a library . . . // Good point on STAR TREK songs. I doubt I'll ever go back to ST, either to read or to see or to write, but I don't forget that it was thru ST that I found fandom. If you don't say what you think of Pride of the Imperium, I won't say what I think of Gory Gory (ST): deal? // Why let a previous effort stop you? Compete! Besides, you need the practice. // I like "Room Together". It sounds like what we call the Abominations -- to be sung when everyone's too abominably drunk to stay on key -- except that the scansion's a bit tricky for that late in the evening.

ANAKREON: I forget who it was who credited "Real Old-Time Religion" with getting him/her/it thru Comparative Religion. // Hm. If we can get all the Atlantis freaks to volunteer for a mission to West Flores . . .

HDSQ: How about publishing Jan Witcher's business address? Lots of suppressed harpers running about. // Musical background: grew up with it, mostly classical. Turned to instrumental when a lazy music 'teacher' in public school (you know the type) convinced me I couldn't sing. I've always been an alto, even when I was very young, so they told me to shut up and lip synch instead of training me. Not all loss, since that's when I learned to whistle. Still in public school when the Kingston Trio -- remember them? -- did 'Tom Dooley', so folk and I came of age together, if you can speak of something 'coming of age' that's been around since Beowulf. Somewhere in there I taught myself guitar, started writing lyrics, and learned that I can sing, on a good day. I'll never have my old range back, but now I'm off tobacco my wind is slowly improving. // I feel the same way about McDonalds et alli. The food I can stomach, but not the commercials.

QWXb: It's 'Rosin the Beau', not Bow. // Good luck on Troupers. Sounds like quite a job already. Pity I don't get further north than Philly. // In case you haven't noticed, Greg, half of Markland is also SCAdian. Some of our best turkeys are also Marklanders. // 'Escape of Old John Web' was on STRING ALONG WITH THE KINGSTON TRIO, their 6th album, I think. It's said to have been in their 3d songbook (pardon me: Vocal Album #3) but I never got hold of it so I can't say for sure.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM: No, it was Azrael that went at me. We never really did get on, which was too bad. The tune may have been 'Kretschma'; is ther a version where the refrain is "drinking wodka all the night"? // I added a verse to the Mercenary Song

this summer:

I marched with the Horde in Pennsic Eight.
We earned our pay that fall.
We met with the West, and the slaughter was great;
We died -- but we crippled Duke Paul, my lords.
We died -- but we crippled Duke Paul.

Being around the Horde now is painful, for anyone who remembers the high days. // I have tried Finlandia, tho not deliberately. Most tunes will let you get away with adequate lyrics, but for Finlandia that's not enough. // Let 'em rave. The songs will be sung, no matter what they're called, and only the snobs will be the losers. // If I don't get around to writing before you see this: thanx for Eagle. You were the first, and so far the only.

TONE-DEAF BARD: Any good library should have a Complete Kipling's Poems of some sort or other. Madhouse Manor's PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER SONGBOOK has 'Lalage II', which is the other side of the legions' marching to Rimni. I call it 'Lalage and Jody'. // I've heard about that other Mercenary's Song, but nobody's yet sung it for me. // I've no idea how I do it, except that I sing every line a dozen times over at least before I'm done with it. The only exceptions are those incredible gifts from WhoKnowsWhere that just drop into place at once -- and then you have to make the rest of the lines fit in. (grrh)

SINGSPIEL: I know about first lines as titles. What I don't like is having to make umpty-diddle 3x5s for itsybitsy verselettes. // Gernsback Dollar indeed. Yeuch. Keep it up.

SOMETHING OF NOTE: In your Quick History of Rock, you left out the Folk influence, which was as strong as the Beatles. Folk Rock was the first Rock that got out of the mindless rut -- or tried, anyway. I suspect that until something like Folk (gospel singing, maybe?) hybridizes with Disco, it will stay stupid. And y'know something? I never could see any good in Rock. // I think you mean "One example does not a rule make."

q u i c k f i l l e r

I think there's room for two verses. I'll annotate them nextish. The tune is 'British Grenadiers'.

A L F T U C H U K S B A N E

Now, some dogs rest on the softest down, in the lap of luxury;
And some do rest on the frozen ground, where they roam both wild and free.
Foremost of the four-footed to ever bark or bay
Is Alf, our golden Tuchuksbane, the hero of the day.

The tale as it has come to me, I shall straightway reveal:
There's one who thought 'twas the finest sport to tease a maid with steel.
Wickedness was folly, too. That hand were better stayed;
For Alf, our golden Tuchuksbane, had his dinner raw that day.

Alf is a white-and-gold collie-husky crossbred. Full story next quarter.

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ANAKREON

#4, APA-FILK Mailing #5

1 February 1980

APA-FILK'S FIRST OPERA*

Quite a range of filksongs, and commentaries on them, have appeared in the first year of APA-Filk. However, this issue contains a rather ambitious project: my outline of an opera. This effort, which is dedicated to the memory of the great Milton Cross, expresses my feelings about some operas which distort the facts of history for dramatic effects. For example, Meyerbeer's The Prophet dishonors the memory of the martyrs of Münster, a tragedy which was to Protestants what Masada was to Jews. And, about a year ago, when Al Nofi was over to help me do some collating, I told him that the most historically inaccurate opera in the whole repertory was being broadcast by Texaco that afternoon. He immediately and correctly identified it: Verdi's Don Carlo.

From there, it was only a step to Un Browning in Maschera, which you'll find on page two. I am indebted to Al for the titles of most of the songs, and to Vladimir Dedijer's The Road to Sarajevo for the facts in the case.

Now lessee - what else? For starters, ANAKREON is published quarterly by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, U. S. A. It is published through APA-Filk, the filksingers' amateur press association, whose editor is Bob Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N. Y. 11598. APA-Filk is published quarterly, with a copy count which, as far as I am aware, remains 50. Write Bob for details. ANAKREON also goes to other people whom its publisher thinks may be interested in it. Un Browning in Maschera is also going into DAGON #225, a science-fiction and fantasy fanzine which will go into the 136th Distribution of APA-Q on 26 January 1980.

Shortly after ANAKREON #3 was printed, I heard from Melissa Williamson, who sent me the copy of her The Madhous Manor Pleyne Brown Wrapper Songbook (2nd edition). It is \$2 from her at 6974 Wheatham St., Philadelphia, Penn. 19119, and I strongly recommend it. It was originally circulated through the "Barony of Bhakail, East Kingdom, Society for Creative ~~Refix~~ Anachronism, and the authors are "Peregrynne Wyndrider" (Williamson), "Ewan the Mad Wanderer", and "Malkin Grey".

I was glad to see "Song of the Shieldwall" in the last Mailing, howsoever it got in. I had tried to get Williamson's permission, not then knowing that Lee Burwasser was also after it. Now - here's my fifth verse:

5. Six hundred years we endured for our vengeance,
Under the weight of a harsh foreign throne.
When we arose there was blood shed at Naseby;
Sons of the Saxon came into their own.
Cromwell and Bradshaw and Ireton and Brandon -
Such are the names that the Saxons have borne.
We tamed the kings and the world took example;
Bright was the land in the new Saxon morn

It doesn't come up to the first four, but in a sense the English Civil War was the Saxons' descendants striking back at the Norman lords. The Parliament was strongest in the Anglo-Saxon regions of England, and weakest in the Keltic regions.

* - And other things.

UN BROWNING IN MASCHERA
An Opera by Giuseppe Verdi
Synopsis by John Boardman

CAST

In the Prologue

Carlo, a prince	Tenor
Renato, an officer	Baritone
Guillaume, a peasant	Bass
General Potiorek, Governor of Bosnia	Baritone
Gavrilo, an assassin	Tenor
Danilo, an assassin	Tenor
Spiro, an assassin	Counter-Tenor
Colonel Apis	Bass
Major Tankosich, his aide	Baritone
Nadja Naumovich	Soprano
Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne	Baritone
Sophia, Duchess of Hohenberg, his wife	Mezzo-Soprano
Josef Schweiik, his chauffeur	Bass
Peasants, officials, soldiers, conspirators, townspeople, police.	
PLACE: Sarajevo and Belgrade.	
TIME: June 1914	

PROLOGUE

This Prologue, and the subsequent between-acts appearances of its characters, are omitted in many productions.

Before the curtain rises, three Ghosts enter severally, dressed respectively as a prince, an officer, and a peasant. They begin singing in chorus, but after the first notes the prince, Carlo, interrupts them, saying that after all he is a Prince of the House of Habsburg and will speak first. He begins singing "Tutti sono in errore", describing how historians and composers have told his story wrongly. He was not, he says, a tragically romantic character, but a vicious lunatic. Renato joins in, saying that he killed King Gustav not from mere personal jealousy but from a burning devotion to the spirit of liberty. He also says that he has been insulted by the change of his name from Johann Jakob Anckarström. Guillaume denies the story about shooting an apple off his son's head, and claims that he merely ambushed the Austrian governor from behind a tree. The Ghosts then retire as the curtain rises.

ACT ONE

(Scene One): It is a sunny June day in the marketplace of the town of Sarajevo. A peasant chorus dances and sings "O siamo paisani felici". Their revelry is interrupted as the Governor enters with his aides, and proclaims that Sarajevo will soon be visited by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Heir to the Imperial and Royal Throne. Everyone breaks into a spontaneous chorus of "Viva il re!" except for a few Conspirators, whose plain black suits stand out among the bright peasant costumes. They gather and whisper at one corner of the marketplace.

Chief among them are Gavrillo and Danilo, behind whom Spiro tags along trying to persuade them that he is the most dedicated revolutionary of them all.

The Conspirators rejoice that they will have an opportunity to assassinate the Heir and overthrow the Empire. They look forward to the new era in their trio "Domani sere di mio", a motif which is repeated throughout the opera and is well-known as "Tomorrow belongs to me".

After the Conspirators leave, the Ghosts return. Renato complains that names are being changed again, that the character "Spiro" was really named "Nedeljko". "Is this," he says, "any harder a name than 'Sparafucile' or 'Gurnemanz'?" The other Ghosts agree in another chorus of "Tutti sono in errore".

(Scene Two): In an army barracks in Belgrade, a chorus of Serbian soldiers boasts about their victories over the Turks and Bulgarians, and looks forward to the greatest foe, Austria-Hungary, in a spirited chorus, "Questa ~~guerra~~ ^{guerra} e bella!" Behind a desk, Colonel Apis listens with a smile on his face. The soldiers leave, and the Colonel's aide Major Tankosich enters. He asks the Colonel why he has, over his desk, portraits of King Alexander and Queen Draga, when he had helped assassinate them. (The portraits respectively show a half-wit and a slut.) "Did not Captain Naumovich give his life so gallantly in this cause?" he asks. Colonel Apis replies with his aria "Ne gli lupi ne le volpi", in which he explains that if a farmer can nail the hides of wolves and foxes to his barn, he himself can also display his victims. His aide urges caution, warning that some day a King Alexander may kill him.

The men then sing a duet about the necessity of war with Austria-Hungary, "Ma siamo corretto". Colonel Apis tells how all the problems of Serbia will be solved by a successful war against the Empire. After each verse, Major Tankosich says, "But that's what they say about us", to which his superior replies, "But they are wrong and we are right".

Colonel Apis goes on to say that he has not forgotten the sacrifice of Captain Naumovich. In his aria "Una a una" he boasts that he has debauched first the Captain's widow, and then each of his daughters as she came of age. Soon the youngest daughter, Nadja, will be his victim. Major Tankosich tries to draw the Colonel back to serious business by telling him that he has found three dedicated young men who are willing to assassinate the Archduke. The Colonel is interested, and the Major brings in Gavrillo, Danilo, and Spiro. The young Conspirators declare their willingness to overthrow the Empire, in a martial repetition of the chorus "Domani sere di mio". Colonel Apis congratulates them, and issues them pistols, bombs, and daggers. He doubts, however, that Spiro has the maturity and dedication for the plot. The other two defend their friend.

After Major Tankosich and the Conspirators leave, in comes Nadja Naumovich, asking whether he lover is here. "Indeed I am!" says the Colonel, who proceeds to chase her around the barracks. But he is interrupted by a telephone, which summons him to the Palace for a meeting with Crown Prince Alexander. He goes, leaving Nadja alone.

Gavrillo re-enters, and in a tender scene they declare their love to each other. Nadja wishes to marry Gavrillo, but in the famous duet "Onore avanti di cuore" he protests that his great patriotic task comes first. Once this is done, all the tomorrows will be theirs. As the stage darkens, they sing this hope as the duet "Domani sere di noi".

The Ghosts then enter briefly, and complain that Gavrillo's love affair with Nadja is unhistorical - in fact, that Nadja herself does not exist. They then begin to wrangle over whether Colonel Apis is indeed responsible for Gavrillo's assassination plot, but are suddenly cut off by a cock-crow, and vanish.

ACT TWO

This is, next to the final scene of Aida, the most famous "split stage" scene in opera. Above are the gardens of the Governor's residence, while at the base of a wall is a park bench under a lamp-post. Gavrillo is seated alone on the bench, cleaning and loading a revolver by the faint light of a gas lantern.

Above, in the garden, all is merriment. The Governor obsequiously ushers in Franz Ferdinand and Sophia, and then he and his party retire. There then enters one of the greatest comic servants in opera, a rival to Figaro and Leporello, the Archduke's chauffeur Schweik. He is bent under the load of several suitcases and trunks. As he piles them before the amused couple, he sings "Il largo al catalogo", telling how many bags the Archduke takes with him when he travels: 32 on shipboard, 54 to Salzburg, 89 when he goes hunting, but 103 to Sarajevo! After cautioning the Archduke not to tire himself out in tomorrow's official ceremonies, Schweik leaves.

Nadja enters below to Gavrilo, and the famous "double duet" follows. The Archduke and Duchess, above, sing their devotion to each other, as Nadja and Gavrilo do the same below. The two duets weave into each other, as each anticipates a brighter tomorrow - the Archduke, when he succeeds to the throne, and Gavrilo, when the Empire is overthrown. Once again we hear the opera's most enduring theme, "Domani sere di mio", which sometimes fades into the theme "Onore avanti di cuore."

This tender scene is interrupted when Schweik enters above, and Spiro below. Schweik familiarly scolds the Archduke for not getting enough rest, and similarly Spiro warns Gavrilo that they have to be up early the next morning in order to get good places at the imperial party's procession through Sarajevo. Reluctantly, both pairs of lovers part.

ACT THREE

(Scene One): The Archduke and Duchess sit in a huge open car, driven by Schweik. A great crowd of people lines the street upstage from the car. To simulate the motion of the car, the townspeople sidle to the left in this part of the scene. As the crowd sings "Viva il erede!", the Conspirators slink through the crowd. Danilo is the first to meet the car, but he shudders with trepidation and does not fire his pistol. Then in comes Spiro, vowed to show his comrades that he is as dedicated as they to the plot. He throws a bomb, but Schweik spots him and, with great presence of mind, "heads" the bomb like a soccer player so that it falls harmlessly over an embankment. The chauffeur sings mockingly "La bomba e mobile" as the police seize Spiro. As they take him away, Spiro defiantly sings his aria "Ecco! io manteno la mia promessa".

The crowd stops moving, indicating that the car has come to a halt. The Governor begins his address "O illustrissimo", but the Archduke angrily interrupts him. "Que modo de benvenuto!" he demands in a sarcastic aria.

Eventually the Archduke is placated, and the Governor gets to complete his solo. The Archduke and Duchess re-enter the car, and the crowd now sidles from left to right, indicating that the car is now going in the opposite direction. As the chorus of "Viva il erede!" continues, Gavrilo appears, with Nadja following at a distance. He works his way through the crowd, and then suddenly leaps to the running board and empties his pistol at the Archduke and Duchess, singing his fiery aria "Pum! Paf! tui e morte!" As the crowd sings the chorus "Alto in il nome dell'imperatore e re!", the police seize Gavrilo. In their grip, he sings "L'ho finito e io sono soddisfatto", which becomes a trio as other policeman bring on Danilo and Spiro in their custody. As the police remove the assassins, the townspeople fall silent, and slowly the bells of Sarajevo begin to toll.

(Scene Two): Gavrilo, Danilo, and Spiro are in a prison cell in Sarajevo. They sing another chorus of "L'ho finito e io sono soddisfatto", in a mournful tone contrasting with their exuberance of the previous scene.

Nadja enters. She and Gavrilo embrace through the bars, and sing in the same mournful tone another chorus of "Onore avanti di cuore". She then tells Gavrilo that she has bribed the jailer to be alone with her beloved, and that she will change clothes with him so that he can go free. Gavrilo, saying once more "Honor before the heart", lovingly rejects her offer. He has done the great deed of his lifetime, and he is willing to pay the price. Nadja makes the same offer to Danilo, but he replies that he was a coward and deserves to die. Gavrilo and Danilo

agree that young Spiro should go free, as they had misjudged his devotion to the cause. As Nadja and Spiro exchange clothes, Gavrillo sings "E meglio questo che ogni altra cosa ho fatto", better known by its English title, "It is a far, far better thing I do". Spiro departs in his disguise, and as the curtain comes down, Gavrillo and Nadja sing for the last time their duet, "Domani sare di noi".

EPILOGUE

The three Ghosts meet once more to sing "Tutti sono in errore", and to cast curses upon dramatists who shamelessly alter the facts of history for their own purposes.

GOODBYE, RUDOLPH!

This is about the last time of the year that anyone wants to think about Christmas. The decorations have been put away, and the tree has been thrown out, though you will be picking needles out of the rug for weeks. Nothing is left but the bills. Still, it will all be done again next December, so you can save up these items until then.

One of the most annoying aspects of Christmas is "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer". I suppose you've already heard all the usual jokes like "Rudolf, the Red, knows rain, dear", or the story about Rudolph's gold-bricking brother Randolph. But this last Christmas season a couple of Rudolph parodies came out that, between them, ought to send this idiot song back into limbo.

The first one, "Rudolph the Disco Reindeer", appeared in the National Lampoon of December 1979. It is unattributed, which is probably the best idea after all the Lampoon's legal troubles.

The other "Reindeer Song" appeared in the home section, of all places,

of the New York Daily News of 26 December 1979. It is by Carol Kramer, and accompanies Suzanne Hamlin's suggestions on how to prepare that leftover reindeer. Hamlin quotes from a Canadian cookbook a recipe for "Reindeer Bourguignon", with touches of her own such as "If reindeer is still stuck in chimney, dislodge and proceed." After you have finished cooking and are ready to serve, "garnish with antlers if desired".

The cookbook, incidentally, is the "Northern Cookbook", and is available in a 1967 edition from The Queen's Printer, Ottawa. Presumably the book contains recipes for other of Canada's native fauna, such as Moose Mousse, Porcupine Meatballs with real porcupine, Ptarmigan with Ptarmigan, Loup au Cochon Sagace, Morse sans Fiel, and Grizzly Beer (which is best if you do your own brain).

At any rate, a few more satires like this will finish Rudolph. Maybe next Christmas we can do something about that little drummer boy with his goddamn "Pa-rum-pa-pum-pum!"

Rudolph the Disco Reindeer

Rudolph the disco reindeer
Had a lot of funny clothes,
And every time you saw him,
He was sticking cocaine up his nose.
All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him queer,
They never went to discos,
They watched football and drank lots of beer.

Then one boring weekday night,
Santa came to say:
"Rudolph with your skintight pants,
Let's go to Xenon and dance!"
Then the other reindeer flipped out,
And they all were heard to say:
"Rudolph the disco reindeer
Has gotten Santa Claus to turn gay!"

Reindeer Song

Rudolph, the main course reindeer,
Had a very tasty nose,
And if you ever met him,
You could nibble on his toes.
All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him game.
They never let poor Rudolph
Forget that he'd be on the flame.
Then one hungry Christmas eve,
Santa came to say:
"Rudolph, you're a dish so light,
Won't you grace my plate tonight?"
Then how the reindeer loved him,
As they shouted out with glee:
"Rudolph, the main course reindeer,
You'll be served with cranberry!"

MARSUPIAL FANDOM, WITH ADDITIONS

The HOPSFA Hymnal contains five verses of a song "Marsupial Fandom", written by Denny Lion and Al Kuhfeld to the tune of the "Temperance Song". But they have by no means exhausted the fascinating possibilities of the subclass or superorder Marsupiala, and I have added 5 more verses. They are the fifth through ninth verses below.

We're coming, we're coming, our strange
little band.

Adoring marsupials, we do take our stand.
We do not like reptiles, because we do
think

That once you like reptiles, you must
love a skink!

CHORUS: Hooray, hooray, for kangaroos,
For kangaroos, for kangaroos,
Hooray, hooray, for kangaroos!
That's the song of Marsupial Fandom!

We do not bug wombats, 'cause wombats
bug back,
And no one can live through a wombat
attack.

Oh, can you imagine a gorier scene,
Than buggi a wombat until he turns mean?

CHORUS:

Tasmanian devils are mean as can be;
They'll gladly bite you, and they'll
gladly bite me.

Can you imagine a scarier sight
Than Tasmanian devils a-spoiling to fight?

CHORUS:

The furry koala is gentler than these.
He doesn't bite people, he just climbs in
trees.

Oh, can you imagine a scene with less
grief
Than a koala turning over a new leaf?

CHORUS:

The biggest of all was the diprotodon.
He lived in the Ice Age, but now he is
gone.

We'd love to have sharing the planet
with us
A wombat the size of a Volkswagen bus.

CHORUS:

Rising to the challenge posed in the last verse, Filthy Pierre put into the 3rd edition of The HOPSFA Hymnal "Monotreme Fandom" to this same tune. And, aside from an introductory verse and an epilogue, it did indeed have only two verses. Of course, one verse rhymes "tranquil" with "anthill", but consider the source.

Somewhere else in this issue of ANAKIDEON is yet another verse of my authorship for this song.

* - See New Scientist, Volume LXX, p. 392, 13-May 1976.

Another one gone is a great kangaroo,
Far bigger than any you've seen in a zoo.
It wasn't the glaciers that wiped out the
beast,
But men of the Dreaming Time, wanting a
feast.

CHORUS:

Tasmanian wolves don't leave much to be
said,
They're either endangered or already dead.
If they've killed your sheep, then you've
hopefully blinked,
And said, "What a blessing that they're
not extinct!"

CHORUS:

Tasmanian devils are sadly maligned.
Confronted with lab rats they've whim-
pered and whined. *
Cartoons have depicted them fierce as
can be -
They're lovable cowards just like you
and me.

CHORUS:

O pity the female marsupial mole,
Who's raising her babies way down in a
hole.
They squirm and they wriggle, and holler
out, "Ouch!"
Ma, try not to get so much dirt in your
pouch!"

CHORUS:

We're coming, we're coming, our strange
little band,
Adoring marsupials, we do take our stand.
We also like monotremes, but feel a bit
About them would be only two verses long.

CHORUS:

AIR CANADA

I suppose I ought to be embarrassed by printing this, but I'm not. This verse, by an unknown author and to the tune of the Canadian national anthem, appeared in Greg Costikyan's postal war-gaming fanzine Uri Durfal #48-49, sometime around the beginning of last October. Costikyan put in six pages of filksongs; a lot of them were about postal Diplomacy and most of the rest weren't much good either. (Of course, I except "Sun Myung Moon is Coming to Town", which originally appeared in my GRAUSTARK #318 in 1974 and has since been frequently reprinted.)

Costikyan announced in Uri Durfal #48-49 that "All filksongs in this issue copyright 1979 by the Costikyan Publishing Empire, unless protected by previous copyright." But he expands further about his views on copyright in The New York Conspiracy Hymnal, where he says: "The production of this work involved the violation of so many copyrights that my stomach cringes whenever I think of the possibilities. However, I justify my actions in the following manner. Firstly, copyrighting filksongs is primarily a measure to prevent the Evil Handanes from ripping them off and exploiting them; and I am not doing this, but simply giving them wider circulation among fans. Secondly, such copyrights have been violated before and, to my knowledge, no action has come of it. Thirdly, I am printing copyright notices where applicable, and therefore the songs are still protected. Fourthly, I don't care."

In reprinting the above parody, I have done my best to respect Costikyan's feelings on the matter. But please don't ask me about Peggy Seeger.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

And I'll begin by getting caught up to "Marsupial Fandom" on the previous page. Yet another verse appears to the right.

Hemidenisemiquaver #1 (Kare): Welcome to both the physics and the filksinging rackets. I started filking when I was a graduate student, though I don't believe filksinging yet had that name in 1958.

My wife is currently making her own dulcimer. By the next Nailing I think I'll be able to let everyone know how it came out.

I have a filksong that's even longer than your "World's Longest Filksong" that begins "The Nine Billion Names of God on the wall..." It begins as below, and is an even better bet for instant suppression if anyone around knows even the rudiments of trans-finite mathematics. I don't know who wrote it. Certainly not Eddie Cantor.

About 25 years ago the nuclear physics group at the State University of Iowa was supposed to have put together a collection of physics filksongs. I never saw it, being then in attendance at Iowa State University, across the state. But one of the songs is supposed to have had the chorus: "Around and round and round go the deuterons, a quarter-millicurie by a quarter past nine."

As for my personal musical background, the best way to get a bout of singing started at a party is to get me started. Others will then join in, just to drown me out. I combine an excellent memory for songs with absolutely no ability to sing or play them. My singing is most acceptable when it and most everyone else around is well lubricated with beer.

Speaking of bugging one fast food outlet by whistling the competition's tune

AIR CANADA

Air Canada!
Across our Native Land,
Through rain and slush,
We dash at your command.
My bags have gone to Ecuador,
Or possibly Dundee,
Yet I remain, Air Canada,
To stand in line for thee!
Air Canada!
Ho-no-po-lee!
Air Canada, we stand in line
for thee,
Air Canada, we stand in line
for thee!

The bandicoot's humor is lively and rich,
He fills a well-known ecological niche.
He hops and digs holes, and if you throw
a rock,
He'll wiggle his ears, and he'll say,
"What's up, doc?"

CHORUS:

Aleph-null bottles of beer on the wall,
Aleph-null bottles of beer.
If one of those bottles should happen to
fall,

Aleph-null bottles of beer on the wall...

while waiting in line, Fred Kuhn has come up with a way to deal with those prancing, bald, orange-clad idiots whom you see on street corners chanting "Hare Krishna..." You respond by chanting, to the same tune, "Hare Kali..." Just replace Krishna's or Rama's name with Kali's, wherever it occurs in the chant. Kali, or Durga, is a fierce goddess who seems to have been worshipped by a pre-Aryan fertility cult before she was assimilated into Hinduism. She is the only one who ever got the better of Krishna, and the Hare Krishnas got enough education in Hinduism to know it. They are said to get very nervous at any public praise of Ma Kali.

QNXb #2 (Baker): Sorry, I don't have the original lyrics to "Salvation Army". I do have an old IWW songbook which has another such song, the venerable "Pie in the Sky". One verse takes on the Salvation Army. "The Good Ship Venus" is in The Erotic Muse and in a British collection edited by "Akbar del Piombo" and published in France by Maurice Girodias about 25 years ago.

This is They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time! #3 (Middleton):
 O At First and most important, thanks enormously for all those verses of
 P Great "That Old Time Religion" which you sent me! They definitely deserve
 E Intervals reprinting in one place, either in APA-FILK or in some Neo-Pagan publi-
 R This cation.
 A Appears As for grade-school filksongs, - My country's tired of me,
 T To local schoolgirls have been heard to I'm going to Germany
 I Intone the verses to the right to the To see the King.
 I Inflame tune of "America". So much for stan- His name is Donald Duck,
 O-Optic dard rations of patriotism, issued He drives a garbage truck,
 N Nerves daily. There are a whole flock of He taught me how to fuck,
 # 985 these, including "I pledge a legion Let freedom ring!
 to the flag..."

Speaking of "Come to the Kretschma", where would I get a copy of the words to that?

I've noticed that the devotees of Darkover tend to take it very seriously, and Marion's remark about what would have happened to the man who sang "Arlinn Tower" out loud would apply at a Darkover Convention just as much as it would in the streets of Thendara. There really is a Thendara, by the way. It's a little town in the Adirondack Mountains, near Marion's birthplace. Near Thendara is Old Forge - whence comes the Forge of Sharra, perhaps?

I am not overly impressed by the Dorsai stories or by the filksongs derived from them. I wonder whether Gordon Dickson has ever met a mercenary soldier. I have. He was a student at Syracuse University when I was there, and he had some tales about how he had flown for this or that government or faction in the "Third World". He was completely amoral, and would kill anybody if the price were right. Niccolo Machiavelli, who knew more about mercenaries than either Dickson or myself, had them exactly classified: "Formidable to everyone except the enemy". When a group of mercenaries hired on for the losing side in Angola, and were seen on trial whining for their lives, I put the following verses into DAGON #130 (16 July 1976). They are dedicated to Yang the Musical:

We are the Mercenaries!
 Your money for our lives.
 If paid, we trash your foemen;
 If not, your homes and wives.
 For gods or creeds we care not;
 We worship cash in hand.
 If stated in our contract,
 We'll sack our native land.
 At Rome our Catholic soldiers
 Went looting with the best.
 At Magdeburg our Protestants
 Just plundered like the rest.
 We'll hire you out our bodies,
 For any strife you name,

And after battle we call on
 The girls who do the same.

Against a good commander
 We'll name a higher price,
 But if his name is Vasa,
 We'll think about it twice.

Against a great commander
 We'll fight and never shirk,
 But if his name is Cromwell,
 We're booked for other work.

We'll travel where you send us
 By land or sea or air,
 But if it's to Angola,
 We have no men to spare.

The mercenaries even have their own trade journal, Soldier of Fortune. (One American, who left a wife, four children, and \$30,000 of debts to fight in Angola, was sentenced to death because he had advertised his services in Soldier of Fortune.)

Tone-Deaf Bard #4 (Richards): No, you're not tone-deaf, but your verses don't scan as well as they ought. The rhymes need a little attention, too.

Something of Note #4 (Lipton): So Halcy's "Rock Around the Clock" "merely capitalized a sort of mindless adoration of marathon dancing"? Are you of the opinion that songs about "rocking and rolling all night" refer to dancing?

Strum und Drang #4 (Dunwasser): A part-German friend once told me a milder version of the Wild Hunt myth. If a child is lost in the woods, the Wild Huntsman will appear and guide him or her safely home. Thus have the myths been tamed.

"God Bless Free Enterprise" appears in several Socialist songbooks.

My Gestetner didn't eat its own silkscreen. It ate a mock-leather baffle which, in the 120, guarded the operator from contact with the linked screen.

The Free Amazons, or Renunciates, of Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover, do not have to be virgins, though some are. The most enthusiastic and dedicated Renunciates are those who became ex-virgins under conditions not agreeable to them, from rape victims to battered wives. Some have willingly undergone an illegal de-feminizing operation. Outsiders believe all of them to be Lesbians. Some are, but they're not fanatics about it, or (Callista be praised) missionaries. I agree; Darkover Landfall is not the best of the books, and it has an anti-scientific bias that I find distasteful.

I heard several verses of "Imperium Compound" sung at a SCA revel a few years ago. Most of them poked fun at the California branch of the organization, and its pretensions to run the branches in other parts of the country. The "Board" was the controlling body in California, whose delusions of grandeur were the bane of members in other states. I throw in, impromptu, the two verses to the left.

Once all through the nation was Emancipation,
And the chains from every wrist did fall.
But the Board drank Imperium Compound,
And they own us one and all.

Aelfgar the Sententious was very tendentious,
And he wanted to rise to the Heralds' class
So he took a swig of Imperium Compound,
And he faced West and kissed ass.

Aelfgar was the society name of an East Kingdom member who ran errands there for the Board, and got suitably rewarded by them. I did not know all the rules of verse construction for this song at the time, and my efforts

were just top-of-the-head stuff.

I quite agree with your remarks on mnemonics. I am severely gripped by false rhymes and bad scansion; Katherine Kurtz's song about the dying King was filled with the former, though free from the latter.

ANAKREON #3 (me): Most D&D filksongs seem to assume that most of the party gets killed. Ray Heuer's song in Way to Torture Terrans #2 at least has a happy ending for some people.

Last winter Solstice, Silvester Millevolta was served at the Sacred Feast in a manner that respected both his Italian heritage and his American origin. It was the biggest pizza anyone had ever seen. The new King is also an American, the professional athlete "Too Long" Long.

Hitches have developed in the production of Fred Kuhn's record. It is still being prepared, but hasn't yet been published.

*

Oh - before I forget! All verses that appear in ANAKREON are written by John Boardman unless attributed otherwise. I'll even say "Copyright 1980 by John Boardman" for them, although I don't think it will help much. I'm afraid that filksinging will just drift along on this copyright issue, if one exists, until someone does something really gross - either illegally, or else legally but ignoring the rights of the actual writer/composer.

I suppose the Iran/Afghanistan brouhaha will produce filk in this mailing. It has produced more than that; there's a song around called "Let's Make Islamic Atonic" which recommends "Let's not snuck and let's not jive, do what we did in forty-five!" This is professional stuff, mind you; what more can we amateurs do?

GLENWHORPLE HIGHLANDERS

Just when I was lookin for something to fill this page with, Edith Fowke of the Department of English of York University sent me the text of two songs I asked about in ANAKREON #3. One of them appears here. It comes from Songs from the Front and Rear, edited by Anthony Hopkins, and published by Hurtig, 10560 105th St., Edmonton, Alberta T5H 2W7 at \$14.95. A Scots glossary is appended to the right.

There's a braw fine regiment as ilka mon should ken,
They are deevils at the fechtin', they ha'e clured a sicht o' men,
And ha'e suppit muckle whusky when the canteen they gang ben,
The Hielan' men frae braw Glenwhorple.

CHORUS: Heuch! Glenwhorple Hielan' men!
Great strong whusky-suppin' Hielan' men,
Hand-workin', hairy-leggit Hielan' men,
Slainte Mhor Glenwhorple.

They were foonded by McAdam, who of a' men was the fairst,
He resided in Glen Eden, whaur he pippit like tae burst,
Wi' a fig leaf for a sporran, an' a pairfect Hielan' thairst,
Till he stole awa' the aipples frae Glen Whorple.

CHORUS:

When the waters o' the deluge drookit a' the whole world oe'r,
The Colonel o' the Regiment his name was Shaun McNoah,
Sae a muckle boat he biggit an' he sneckit up the door,
An' he sailed awa' from drooned Glenwhorple.

CHORUS:

Then syne he sent a corporal, and gert him find the land,
He returned wi' an empty whusky bottle in his hand,
Sae they kent the flood was dryin'; he was fu', ye understand,
For he'd foond a public house abune the water.

CHORUS:

When good King Solomon was ruler o' the Glen,
He had a hundred pipers and a thoosan' fechtin' man,
An' a mighty fine establishment I hae no doot ye ken,
For he kept a sicht o' wives in auld Glenwhorple.

CHORUS:

Then there came a birkie bangster, who was chieftain o' the Clan,
His name it was t' Wallace, an' he was a fechtin' mon,
For he harried a' the border and awa' the Southron ran,
Frae the dingin' o' the claymores o' Glenwhorple.

CHORUS:

When the bonnie pipes are skirlin', an' the lads are on parade
I' the braw Glenwhorple tartan, wi' the claymore an' the plaid,
When the Sergeant-Major's sober an' the Colonel's no afraid
O' seein' tartan spiders in Glenwhorple!

CHORUS:

Eh, a bonnie sicht they mak', when the canteen they gang ben
When the morn's parade is o'er, she'll be fu' a' drunken men,
An' a thoosan' canty kilties will be stottin' doon the Glen,
For they drink a power o' whusky in Glenwhorple.

CHORUS:

abune: above
bangster: winner
biggit: built
birkie: with a mind
of his own
canty: cheerful
clured: cleared
dingin': clanging
drookit: drenched
fechtin': fighting
fu': full, often in
the sense "drunk"
gang ben: gone inside
gert: bade
kilties: highland
soldiers
sicht: sight
slainte mhor: good
health (Gaelic)
sneckit: latched
stottin': stagger-
ing and dancing
syne: later

(NOTE: The music
may be found in
Hopkins' book.
Any APA-Filk read-
er who wants to
should write me.)

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES #2

From Harry J.N. Andruschak
6933 W. Rosemead, #31
San Gabriel, Cal., 91775
(213) 286-1412

Concerning THE GOOD SHIP VENUS.

Having received APA-FILK #4, and reading ANAKREON #3, I do remember that the words sung in the pub at Blackheath, Kent, England differed from those presented.

First, we did sing a chorus. Next, the ship had an ~~UPRIGHT~~ penis, not a rampant penis. And the ~~Cabin Boy~~ ~~STUFFED~~ ~~his~~ ~~ass~~, not filled it.

As for the Nationqlity of the song, the fact that the Skipper was circumcized shows it to be European, not USA. In the USA, over 90% of the males are circumcized at birth. In Europe nobody but the Jews are.

Just for comparison, here the words of THE GOOD SHIP VENUS as documented in the book THE LIMERICK, edited by G. Legman.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

The good ship's name was Venus,
her mast a towering penis,
Her figure-head
a Whore in bed--
A pretty sight, by Jesus!

The first mate's name was Andy,
By God he was a dandy,
They broke his cock
with chunks of rock
for conking in the brandy.

The second mate was Morgan
By God he was a Corgon,
Nine times a day
Fine tunes he'd play
On his reproductive organ

Archy

SOMETHING OF NOTE #5

Something of Note is produced for the fifth collation
of APA-Filk, scheduled to take place on or about the
first of February
1980. This is pro-
duced by Robert
Bryan Lipton of
556 Green Place,
Woodmere, N.Y. 11598, telephone [516] 374-4723. Begun
15 November 1979.

A LOCKED ROOM MYSTERY

TUNE: A Room Without Windows

In a room with locked windows,
In a room with closed doors,
You're sure to find a master sleuth's mind
Working hard on its chores.
While the flat-footed detective stumbles in and implores
(What goes on?)
In a room with locked windows,
A room with closed doors.

Perhaps Monsieur Poirot, maybe Doctor Fell
Will somehow decide on the homicide's
Perpetrator and tell
All the bated-breath suspects, who must quake to their cores
(and the bulls)
At the room with locked windows,
At the room with closed doors.

Perhaps Wolfe with his orchids,
Parti-colored McGee,
Leslie Charteris' Saint or maybe that quaint
Mrs. Marple will see
The roundabout answer by page two-hundred-four
(Not the cops!)
In this room with locked windows,
This room with closed doors.

If Harold Groot and Mark Blackman are going to trade
skiing songs (a most unfannish activity), I should be able
to get away with a 'tec song. But wait! Even more awaits
the reader on interior pages. Among the first will be comments.
The songs will have to wait. Some foresighted individual seems
to have stolen 'Nuke the Whales' from my typing table.

15 November 1979

PAGE TWO

Apa-Filk #5

ONE MORE TIME

Apa-Filk #4

COVER [John Boardman] Thanks for the collage, John. The Hagar cartoons are worth keeping.

FILKSONCS OLD & NEW [Harold] Grr... beat me out for most pages, will you? I saw 'Have Some Madeira, My Dear' staged for the Boston Pops, recited by Tony Randall. 'Who Put the Tribbles in the Quadrotriticale' has been done by Greg Baker. It was most illuminating to read 'To Those Who Control the Temperature' and then see the comment "I've mentioned I take fairly frequent trips." If you send in songs like that, it's hard surprising. "Groot, you don't have the right attitude." I like "Spaceman Billy," and "We Will All Room Together When We Room." As for your counter-comments about 'What Do You Think of That,' my opinion still stands. I have heard, in Vaudeville Italian dialects anyway, the name "Christopher Columbus." In fact, I believe that Katherine Hepburn uses it in one of the crazy comedies she made in the late '30s; Holiday, perhaps. 'Ski, Ski, Ski' seems to be missing a few lines here and there. I also think 'Dragon Riders in the Sky' has started beautifully. An excellent choice to have the chorus every third verse.

QUERY

Does anyone out there have the full lyrics to 'The Walloping Wind o'Blind'? The first verse and chorus (as me fadder taught me) are

Oh, a capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the walloping Wind o' Blind.
No wind that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
Now the man at the wheel was content to feel
Respect for the wild wind's blow,
Though it often appeared when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below.

CH So, blow ye wind's, high-ho!
A-rolling we will go!
I'll stay no more on English shore,
So let the music play.
I'm off the bounding main,
I'll cross the raging main.
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove
Ten thousand miles away.

I would guess it was composed by Australian deportees, judging by the Cockney rhyming slang in the seventh line of the chorus and the distance in the final.

We now return you to our comments.

15 November 1979

PAGE THREE

Apa-Filk #5

ANAKREON #3 [John Boardman] I would be happy to trace down the tune of 'Glen Whorple' for you, but first you'll have to translate it into English. Your evidence for the English provenance of 'Good Ship Venus' is a bit more secure this time. Still, it is possible that you have the English version of the song. No way to tell, though.

Some of your 'Old Time Religion' verses are redundant. Off the top of my head, the elder verse for Astarte runs:

We will hold a mighty orgy
In the honor of Astarte.
'Twill be one hell of a party,
And that's good enough for me!

As for my thoughts on Jesus & guilt, see my article in APA-Q, about five months back (as of collation).

The Skandalutz verses were mostly started by Al Nofi and finished by John. My contribution seems to be preserved in the final verse of the approved version. I love Evan's 'Buttons of Johnnie McD.'

PRICING POLICY

At PhilCon (where I got away with singing "Con Masquerade" and "Where Have All the Martians Gone" and figuring out that my key is G#) Lee Burwasser commiserated with me that I have to pay the copyright fee out of my pocket. Well, she and Greg Baker were the ones who insisted on it. However, I seem to be making the money back by huckstering copies (although I gave away three sets and figure we should get about 1.5 new contributors out of it; Marc Glasser and a guy whose last name I don't remember, but whose first name is John. He's black, about 5'9, sings in a high tenor and talks with a slight Islands accent, which he claims is a fake British).

The price for APA-Filk, except for #1 seems to have stabilized at \$1.25. If we break above 75 pages, however, it will rise to \$1.50 and go up by 25¢ for each fifty pages above that (hah!). Back issues have an additional 50¢ tacked on.

Printing costs here may go up, since it appears that paper costs will rise about 35%, from \$1.80 to \$2.75.

Now, back to comments.

ANAKREON #3 (cont.) Fred Kuhn's record was not on sale. Speaking to Ned Horne and Brian Burley at PhilCon, they said that the record was up to the pressing stage. They expect to have it out by February at the latest. I know what the words to 'Waltzing Matilda' mean. As for the incredulity of it being the Aussie anthem, well, the Strines have a good sense of humor; and considering where the tunes for most anthems are drawn from, hardly surprising. Consider the Maryland anthem, which refers to Lincoln as a 'tyrant.'

I think the Huns speaking with a Chinese accent are much funnier than ones speaking with a Brooklyn; but the image was started by Charlie Sharp and John Carroll, and I

don't tamper with other peoples' ideas.

50 WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS [Raymond Zuzma Heuer] The D&D song was well done, but not enough to overcome my distaste for songs to 'Battle Hymn.' Unfortunately, same for the filksinging one. You know so many obscure songs, Ray, why don't you join the competition between Lee and Margeret?

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES [Harry Andruschak] Sorry, no ToC. I know how they are supposed to work, but I am too lazy; and anyway, if you want to do one, you may do a retroactive one. That's the way organization runs here. When we set up, Lee Burwasser suggested that an index of the songs herein would be useful. "Fine," I said. "Why don't you do it?" At PhilCon, Harold suggested a tape treasury. "Fine," I said, "Why don't you do it?"

I seem to vaguely remember the middle line about the teacher hitting the student with a shoe. But I best remember the ones about the tangerine and the magnum 54 (although at P.S. #6, it was a 'colt .54').

HEMI-SEMI-DEMI QUAVER [Jorfin Kare] Welcome! Do you think you could inveigle some other Californians into this? If you think a few freebies would help, let me know. Same to anyone out there, particularly Margeret. 'A Merry Minuet' was sung by the Kingston Trio, who did such other things as the one-verse "Streets of Laredo" and "The Man Who Never Returned." 'The Nine Billion Names of God' is not the world's longest filksong. That honor belongs to the following:

Aleph-nul bottles of bheer on the wall,
Aleph-nul bottles of bheer.
If one of those bottles should happen to fall,
Aleph-nul bottles of bheer on the wall!

My musical background is: seven years of piano, which took so well that I can still pick out 'On Top of Old Smokey' on the piano; membership in my grade-school choir, where I sang alto (long long time ago...) and two semesters of music courses in college.

You may use any of my songs in your filk collection. All I ask is proper crediting and a copy. Rumor hath it that the NESFA Hymnal is out at \$10 a throw. Contributors get \$4 off. Degenerates!

QWXB!!! [Greg Baker] Sorry you couldn't make it to PhilCon. I've already seen 'The Irish Lieutenant' and admired it. The Galaxative song, though, is something else. On choice of subjects alone, it is not too good. If you want to pay for the copyrighting, you may have it done in your name. Fair? Of course, fair!

Yes, I've tried G&S. About five years ago I did a Diplomacy version of The Mikado, of which only a couple of songs are worth saving. It strikes me that Marion may have deplored the frivolous element in filking because no one has written a Darkover Song before 'Arilinn Tower.' Sorry, I won't be

getting to any sf cons west of the Appalachians for a long, long time. There seems to be some breaking up of the Filthy Pierre dominance in the East as players become more common. I always sing a song before I declare it finished, even if only to myself. The trouble with Filthy's leading is that at Disclave he told me he had several hundred filksongs in his collection which he would not use in the micro-filk because he did not know the tune. Ian's song sounds good except for one thing: it was Kensie who married Leah. I just read the book. He married Leah because Amanda was already married.

TONE-DEAF BARD [Mark Richards] The Scots song is 'Earl of Morray.' I am myself not familiar with it, the tune at any rate. If you don't recognize the other tunes, I'll sing them to you some evening. Too late to stop me now!

SINGSPIEL [Mark Blackman] It just shows you how accurate the Trib is, crediting Randy Garret's song to Asimov. Some of the scansion in 'John Paul 2' seems to be forced a little much. In 'Fidel' you appear to have left out the link. Might I suggest (after the penultimate verse)

"I am from an unaligned nation,
And we should take a stand
In hating the United States,
Obeying Russia's command."

Enjoyed 'Christmas Crime,' but think that "um um um/ sirens hum" is a bit weak.

SOMETHING OF NOTE [Me] And I left out the link myself! Between the second and third verses should come:

Don't tell me about the price of gas
And the profits the oilers amass.
Don't tell me about price inflation:
I get that all week. I need a vacation!

That is, of course, for "I Love My Fanac." Greg Costikyan has told me he disagrees with my conclusions on disco music, but since he hasn't contributed, I don't have to pay any attention. I pointed out to him that my prediction that there would be professionally published Diplomacy variants (made almost two years ago) has started to come true.

STRUM UND DRANG [Lee] Next time, Lee, please letter in large printing that the contribution is to be sent first class. For those of you who do not understand, the weekend before the first of November, Lee sent out S&D#4. As of a week later it still had not arrived. Since I have had first class packages take two weeks from John Boardman to my house (about 15 miles), it was apparent that the U.S.P.'S'. had downgraded it to 3rd class. I called Lee and Dick Eney xeroxed enough copies for PhilCon, only to have them arrive two days before. I have

seen 'God Bless Free Enterprise' as a full-fledged filksong. I believe Greg Costikyan used it in the NYC Hymnal. For other right-wing filksongs, check Adam Kasanof's 'North American Rag,' 'We All Live off the Trident Submarine' and 'Oh, Stan Turner.' Greg and Adam are both libertareans, or perhaps super-right-wing anarchists. The differences are negligible. I heard Caroline Venino sing 'The Eagle Has Landed' at Xenocore and curse my forgetting to bring a recorder. Sorry about failing to note the female rhyme. I shall work on it some. Maybe.

I was mortified, on singing Will Linden's songs Slobbovian at PrinceCon that they were variations only on other filksongs. Thanks for the comment on internal rhyme-structure. I don't think many of us need it, but it needed to be said. Perhaps if we ever do publish a APA-Filk hymnal we'll include a few of the articles. Let's go out and write them! It was good to see 'Song of the Shield-Wall' after hearing Boardman speak of it. He didn't seem too upset when I informed him that you were publishing it. Merely muttered about 'perfidy' and 'melted lead.'

BACOVER: Yes, very. What am I doing in Fred Kuhn's guitar?

ON ELECTROSTENCILLING

As Lee has proven in #4, electrostenciling can reproduce almost anything. That being the case, why don't those of you whom I e-stencil for try inserting some illos. Stop talking, Bob, you're as bad as the others...

IF ONLY

BY: Lew Wolkoff

TUNE: If I Only Had a Brain

I could win one of the Hogis
And stand high among the new pros.
My future would be bright
Oh, my rep would be growing,
And the words would be flowing
If I only had a plot.

For a plot, there's no denying,
Comical or terrifying,
Is something I ain't got.
I'd sit down and write it.
There would be no way to fight it
If I only had a plot.

With his pen or ink or brushes
An artist never rushes.
Such is artistic law.
I know a picture's waiting,
One I could be creating,
If I just knew how to draw.

I could do an illo classic:
a beast from the Jurassic;
Girl in metallic bra;
Or a Black Hole consumin'
Colonies of BEMs or human
If I just knew how to draw.

Artisitics by fannish sages;
Illos on all of the pages;
Stencils cutting sharp and clean.
Oh, I wish I could edit,
And have one to my credit,
But how do you do a zine?

I'd be rising in the ranking,
While I just stood, a-cranking
My mimeo machine.
And all the fans would pay out
For my six-color lay-out
But how do you do a zine?

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

There are many filksong writers who have turned their hand to expanding a filksong to get it "exactly right, with all the things in it that need covering." I have done this a couple of times myself, having expanded both "Belching Behemoth" and "Laszloferndock" from one stanza to many. Almost everyone has tried his hand at a verse to "Young Man Mulligan" or "The Orc's Marching Song" or "Real Old-Time Religion."

At PhilCon I heard an opus called "Fantasy and Sci-Fi" based on "American Pie," bemoaning the Golden Era of SF. Originally it was six long verses. Now it is ten verses and takes twenty minutes to sing. "The Orc's Marching Song" was originally a dozen verses. Now it is about fifty, depending on the exact version. At PhilCon someone came out with additional verses to "Chemist's Drinking Song."

Help!

Filksongs are meant to be sung. Adding five or ten verses does not make them more singable. It makes them less. Take "Spaceman Billy" in last collation. About 40% of the verses are unnecessary. Harold Groot should have left in the first verse and the ones about the child and dropped the others. Instead,

3 January 1980

Page Eight

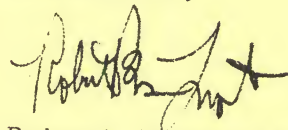
SOMETHING OF NOTE #5

he left them all in and was trying to think of additional verses when last we spoke. Whatever for?

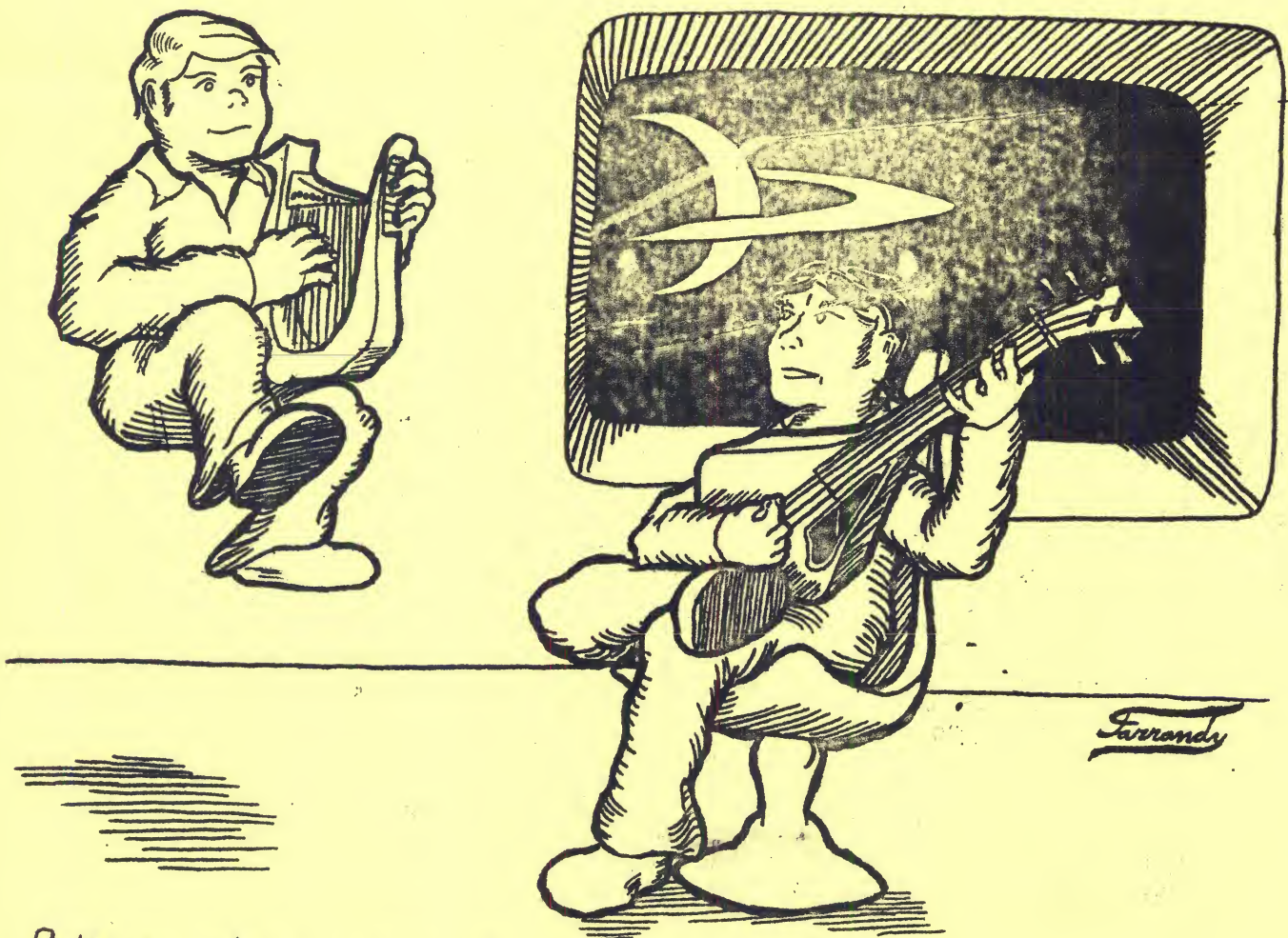
Writing is not the difficult thing to do. Editing is. Cut down on the size of these things!

This issue is smaller than last because for the past three months I have been working at completing my novel. Not many filksongs either. I'm holding back one at the moment, "Exiles," which should appear in #6. In the meantime, I look forward to seeing how this collation shapes up. Welcome to Marc Glasser and to anyone else who comes in after this is written.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton



Don't you play in any key besides zero-G?

Recently a South Korean theatre owner cut out all of the songs in THE SOUND OF MUSIC because the movie was running too long; understandably Richard Rodgers was furious. I have a fondness for Rodgers & Hammerstein (& Hart), having been in school productions of "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific" (nonsinging roles). Rodgers was a great.

--THE MELODY LINGERS ON: MCs on APA-Filk #4--

FILKSONGS OLD & NEW/Harold Groot: I usually write one or two lines (main idea), then build around it. Anytime I print fragments it's because that's as far as I've gotten. Fragments are open invitations for collaboration. // A fragment close to the original is "The White Russian's Lament" (tune: "The Impossible Dream"):

This is my quest, / To follow the Tsar,
No matter how hopeless, / No matter how far,
To fight for The Right / Without question or pause,
To be willing to march into Minsk / For the royalist cause ...

As for conrooming, I wrote this at Disclave (tune: "Barnacle Bill"):

Who's that sleeping on my floor? (2X) (Title is probably
He wasn't there before "Freeloading Phil the
When I left the room this morning. Crasher")

It's only me, I've got no money,
Said Freeloading Phil the Crasher.

*

ANAKREON/John Boardman: I wasn't referring to dragons as edible/-kosher; in Space Rabbi/"Passover Landfall," the dragons were used as cooking utensils, hence milchig and fleischig (dairy and meat).

*

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME/Margaret Middleton: Re frivolizing the tune of "Finlandia," my junior high school anthem went: "O Andries Hudde, / Hail our Alma Mater; / Upholding Freedom, Brotherhood and Truth. / We sing thy praise," etc.

*

SINGSPIEL/me: ALIEN's Sigourney Weaver and Charles Durang did a revue called "Lusitania Singspiel" satirizing Broadway shows (eg, combining "Evita" and "Sweeney Todd"). // Re my "John Paul 2" last time:

The Pope as a folk singer

By BILL CARLTON

"Miners should sing these songs as they begin their shifts, so too young people on the train, while hiking or around the campfire. Many young people already sing them; I wish them for all of you. May this artistic creation become an expression of the Polish spirit, of the freedom of Polish artists, a source for the renewal of Polish culture, and for the musical culture of words both spoken and sung." — Pope John Paul II

A unique and exciting event in recording history happens today with the official release of an album featuring Pope John Paul II singing folk songs and sacred music, including one song with a text written by the Pope.

from

NY Daily News
Oct. 1, 1979

The spiritual leader of 700 million Catholics has been recorded previously in church services, but this is the first time in history that he or any other Pontiff has made a recording of secular songs.

One million copies of the album, "Pope John Paul II Sings at the Festival of Sacrosong," were pressed by Infinity Records in less than two weeks and distributed by MCA Records to stores throughout the United States and Canada for release today, the first day of the Pope's six-city visit to America.

When the Pope made a pilgrimage to Poland last June, he attended the "Sacrosong," an annual church-sponsored religious and folk song competition in Cracow which he started 12 years ago when he was the archbishop of that city. The eight-day event attracted three million people, and a tape was made of the Pope singing alone or with the multitudes.

What a Renaissance man he is! Besides being a "people's Pope" and an inspiration to all mankind, he is also a poet, a playwright, a singer with a rich, beautiful baritone voice, an excellent musical interpreter and a gifted lyricist.



I've also changed the end of the first stanza to "To the whole world peace I'm gonna bring, Lord, Lord" - better scansion and closer to the original. And continuing "Fidel," of course:

They hate you, they hate you, they hate you, (Tune is
They want to see you dead; "Michele")
Until you are / From near and far
They've come to boo you. (Repeat from top of 1st stanza)

Finally, I've done a second stanza for "Christmas Crime in the City":

See the switchblades, then the blood flow,
Dripping bright red on green
As the shoppers are caught with their treasures.
When the knives flash
It's "good-bye, cash,"
Muggers can get real mean,
And when it's all over you hear; (Chorus)

The song may now be regarded as complete; "Fidel" too.

*

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton: While not originally responsible for its creation, I did enact the visualization of the giant barded heavy warfrog; and APA-DUD (adds Ray Heuer) refers to them as "Blackman's warfrogs." ...Making me a foster parent at the least. // Re "Easter Parade," in New York City there are quite a number of parades besides Easter and Thanksgiving -- political (anti-Soviet, anti-Iran, pro-abortion, anti-abortion, etc.) and ethnic (Columbus, Pulaski, Von Steuben and St. Patrick's Days). The führer, er, furor over the Nazi parade in Skokie last year inspired the following:

O I could write a sonnet / About your Nāzi fylfot,
You'll be the purest Aryan / In the Skokie parade.

*

1/25/80

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER/Jordin Kare: I don't think you know how to spell --I work for CARE and the name of the country is Jordan. // My musical background: If my father is to be believed (his brother and sister are not positive of the story) my grandfather was a musician in the military regiment of the Dowager Tsarina (Nicholas II's mother); he could read music and his instruments were the drum and fife. Afraid his children would become musicians and starve (remember those old pictures of musicians, hat on the ground?), he taught none of them how to play. However, my father developed a love of music, specifically classical/symphonies and opera, and knew a great deal about them. My mother could play the piano and mandolin, my sister the piano and guitar, my brother flute and guitar. As a rebellion, I never learned to play any musical instruments. My filksinging background consists of my writing skill (to whatever degree) and love of parody. // Yesterday's accident at the Lawrence Livermore Labs reminded me of your H-Bomb song and inspired the following:

Gonna Build an H-Bomb, or Good-Night, Irene, George, Mary, Joe, et al.

Gonna build an H-bomb, / Gonna use it too -
And when I'm finished, /This ol' world is through -
Gonna build an H-bomb, / Gonna rip the sky -
Why'm I gonna do it? / 'Cause I'm crazy must be why.

Tune is, of course, "Gonna Climb a Mountain." Repeat last words where appropriate.





HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER

This is Hemidemisemiquaver #2 (HDSQ for short) January 18, 1980
Published by Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. #315 Berkeley CA 94709 for Apa-Filk #5

This will be a relatively short HDSQ. The last few local filk parties have supplied me with a lot of new material to learn, so I've been writing little of my own. I've also started working on a research project at Lawrence Berkeley Labs (location of this lovely correcting Selectric II) aimed at finding supernovae in quantity, and between that and my ordinary courses, I've little time for writing (...said John Campbell, said John Campbell...). I even lost my long Xmas break to a vicious case of flu. Alas. Anyway. . .

Forward, into the past: Comments on #4:

Harold Groot: The variety of writing styles is interesting. To paraphrase Lazarus Long, "Filkwriting is nothing to be ashamed of. . .but do it in private and wash your hands afterward." West coast filking seems to be a mix of East Coast group sings & Midwest performances -- the best of both worlds? I must admit to believing that "Who put the Tribbles in the Quadrotriticale" was just made to be sung, & if anyone has actually written such a song I'd love to see/hear it.

"Spaceman Billy" is very good. The only problem is that songs with lots of redundancy tire very fast. The tune of "Billy Boy" is simple and never varies, and only about one line in 4 (average) varies between verses--that one line being repeated 3 times. There's even internal repetition within lines. This adds up to a poor choice for infinite expansion -- it's easy, almost trivial, to write 50 verses, but the evening has to be pretty late before anyone will sing them all. Same is true for "What shall we do with..." songs.

"Dragon Riders" is going to be a loooooong song.

John Boardman: "Breath a puncheon" is good -- I like songs with snap endings.

RE "Good ship Venus," your scholarship's overwhelming. RE "Old time Religion": great minds run in the same gutter. I have a verse about the Maui -- rhymed with wowie -- from Poul Anderson. Also, isn't there a long-extant verse about Astarte? Readers might be interested to know that Pete Seeger did some 8 verses of the neopagan Old Time Religion at last fall's Bread and Roses concert in Berkeley -- 6 of them new to me.

Raymond E. Heuer: D&D "Gory Gory" is not bad, but do I detect a slight need for scansion repair? Self-referential (incestuous?) SF stories usually irk me, but for some reason filksongs about filking don't.

Harry Andruschak: I suppose I should have expected to see you here. . . .

Me: The PDP song got printed in the new NESFA hymnal, and I wish they'd told me beforehand so that I could have corrected the minor errors in the original version (no, jordin, there are no GOSUBs in FORTRAN).

QWXB, Greg Baker: I must admit that I'm fascinated by the notion of a performing group. Not being at all into any media fandoms, I don't know much about your circumstances. For instance, how big is your typical audience, numerically and, e.g., as a function of con size (uh, make that fraction. I've been doing too much math lately....) Do you actually charge anything for appearances? Do you plan to? Will you have answered all these questions in this issue.... Incidentally, how does one plagiarize like glue? slowly and stickily? Well, if it fits the meter....

Margaret M.: Sounds like I really should have gone to Northamericon. I will be at this year's worldcon, & will probably be in touch with you & others

concerning filkish activities there. I mentioned an interest in helping run filks (to the extent they can be run at all, as opposed to just occurring) on my Noreascon questionnaire, & got back a note which, among other things, asked for fannish references who could vouch for my filk-organizing ability.

RE circulating a cassette: this is probably perfectly feasible. Cheap cassettes (tapes and recorders) are sufficient for learning tunes, & many places now have commercially available tape duplicating services which will copy cassettes at 10-20 times normal speeds for a buck or two (the local student co-op store has do-it-yourself machines for this). We'd need to work out details, tho -- round robin, or send all tapes to a central person with 2 decent cassette decks for editing & access to a copying service, or some other arrangement. Any one else want to comment?

RE frivolity in filk: defining filk is probably nearly as hard as defining SF. I've always assumed that "a filksong" was a song written (roughly) in the present, and referring to anything non-mundane, be it historical or futuristic, or just strange. Things written in the distant past are folk or straight ballads, things written in the present but referring to mundania (which includes a lot of stuff appearing in this APA), while they may be thoroughly entertaining, are not really filksongs...parodies, perhaps, but not filk. Used as a verb, however, "to filk" means to mangle an existing, usually mundane, song into a filksong, as in "Paul anderson filked "Waltzing Matilda" and got "Bouncing Potatoes"" (never mind my pseudoquotes). As such, it usually involves frivolous songs. Serious songs are rarely filked (tho I did filk "Scarboro Fair" into "Centauri Fair," a serious song), they are usually written from scratch, perhaps to an extant tune. I have run into annoyances accompanying narrower definitions of "filksong," esp. since I am known to a number of local fans initially as "the guy who writes filksongs". On one occasion someone told me, "yeah, I used to write filksongs, but then I found out that I could write real songs, so I stopped," or words to that effect. Ah well.

Mark Richards: RE PDQ: Shouldn't the phrase be "a piece of PDQ Bachanalalia"?

RBLipton: RE "Ramjet": Since when to Bussard rams burn Helium, capitalized or otherwise? And thank you for the footnote on "Laszloferndock."

Lee Burwasser: Bless you! "Song of the Shield-wall" was brought back on a tape from Seacon with a slightly mangled tune and lots of mangled words ("Gotland" mutated to "Gotham," "Frisia" was unrecognizable). Lots of people liked it even so. Now we've got it right, & it's being credited properly as well. Wish I could get more of Ms Wyndryder's songs -- tried having my folks in Philadelphia contact her, but no luck. May yet try an SASE.

That's just about all I have time for these days, but I'll finish up with a tidbit that is a filk of a marginal filksong, but which, by my above definition is not a filksong itself, being about a mundanity. The original is a wonderful-sounding old hymn called "Babylon is Fallen," which has cropped up recently in both local filksings and in the repertoire of local professional balladeers Oak, Ash, and Thorn. It's a little out of date already, but if you recall the furor of a few months back...

Hail the plane so long inspected

Hail the pylon's full release.

FAA says all's inspected

And the uproar now should cease.

O'er the airlines' wide dominion

Hear the fanjets loudly roar!

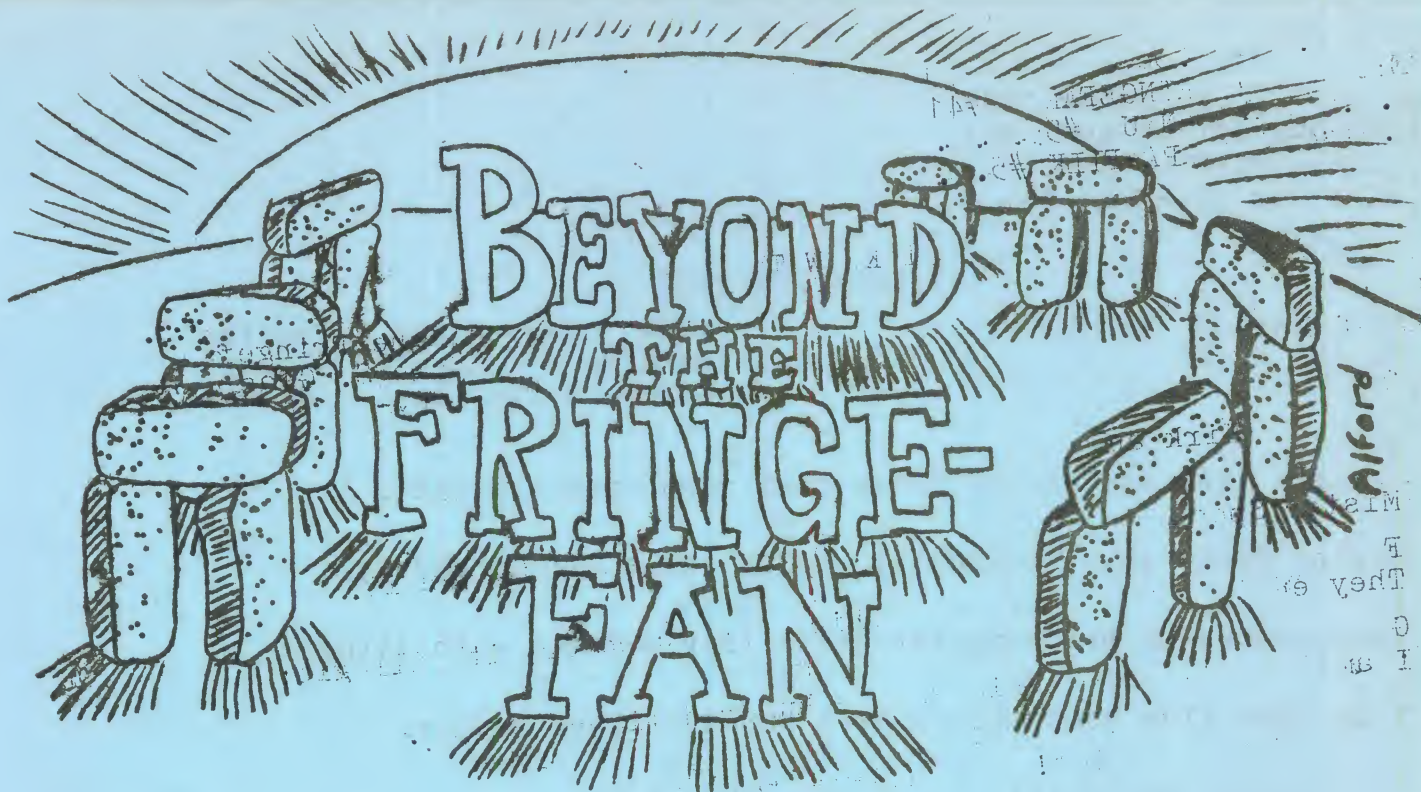
DC-10 is falling, is falling, is falling,

DC-10 is falling, to fly no more

(repeat)

Jordin Kane

PS As I finish this off, the local FM classics station is playing a symphonic version of "Men of Harlech!" The Welsh Rhineland.



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN, upon using this superb logo by Mary Alford, is reminded of two significant disconcertments: (1) That he'd figured on having an England/SeaCon/NorthAmeriCon trip report ready by October to go with it, and here it is December 1979 already and he has hardly started it; and (2) that having completed a full year with a different logo each month, he's fresh out of logos, and after this issue--#41, intended for APA-NYU #55--he'll be back to Prestype or typewriter doodles if he can't find someone to do some more. Any artists who are interested in egoboo, glory and ~~no pay~~ working for someone easy to please, can apply to the original Fringefan (accept no substitutes), who lives intimately with Marc S. Glasser, among others, at 41 Eastern Parkway, apt. 10-B, Brooklyn, New York 11238, and answers "41 E.P., Glasser here," when someone calls up at (212) 636-5628.

In honor of the filk song on pages 2-3, my first in at least a year, I will have Donna Camp, mimeo tech par excellence, run off some extra copies of the first two sheets for submission to APA-FILK--I am not a degenerate apahack! I am not a degenerate apahack! I am not--of which I acquired some sample copies at Philcon (for which I still owe Robert Bryan Lipton). Murphy the Mimeo at Quick Brown Fox Press had better be on his best behavior--this will give his work newly broadened exposure. . .

Con Report: SOME THINGS I LEARNED AT PHILCON
(Sheraton Valley Forge, King of Prussia, Pa., 9-11 November 1979)

- The plot of Frank Zappa's new album, Joe's Garage, and what it means to commit a Hooverism.
- A new filk song by I Abro Cinii, to the tune of an undeservedly obscure McCartney song, "Mull of Kintyre":
"Changing the tire;/Convention is over the hill./My desire?/
To be somewhere other/Than changing the tire."

(continued on page 3)

I KNOW THE PLOT

to the tune of
 "I Do the Rock"
 Key of C

-by- Beyond the Fringefan
 -a/k/a- Marc S. Glasser
 -from an idea by- Rhymer

- C G
1. Captain Kirk and Mister Spock beam down upon a planet.
 C G
 Mister Spock says "Logical!" McCoy tells him to can it.
 F C
 They encounter big computer which they conquer with illogic;
 G C
 I am sure I've seen this show a hundred times before.
 G C G C
 I know the plot! I know the plot!
 2. I turn on my TV set to watch the Late Late Late Show.
 See the wires on flying saucers--it's not such a great show.
 Aliens from Mars and Venus, all committing crimes so heinous--
 No one else can stop them but a boy of only four.
 I know the plot! I know the plot!
 3. Doug and Tony land upon the deck of the Titanic;
 Everyone is having fun--the Tunnel people panic.
 Trying to convince the passengers, but no one will believe them
 When they say the ship will never make it to the shore.
 I know the plot! I know the plot!
 4. Pat McGoohan wakes to find they've given him a number;
 Taken him to Ghu-knows-where while he was deep in slumber.
 Can't get out and can't get over, only can get stopped by Rover--
 Worst of all, the current Number 2's a crashing bore.
 I know the plot! I know the plot!
 5. Obi-Wan Kenobi is a Forceful man, I'm told;
 Doesn't want to fight Darth Vader 'cause he's growing old.
 He and Luke and Solo rescue Princess, blow up Death Star,
 Leave the Empire and the rebels fighting interstellar war!
 I know the plot! I know the plot!
 6. Battlestar Galactica is fleeing from the Cylons.
 Starbuck flies a scout ship out while Boltar puts a smile on.
 Lands on planet, falls in love, destroys a secret Cylon base
 And finds new clues to find the planet Earth they're looking for!
 I know the plot! I know the plot!
 7. 1999 has radioactive lunar dumping:
 Makes the Alphans very nervous, calling Earth and grumping.
 Moon goes "boom!" and out of orbit, travelling through space at
 warp speed;
 I won't take out my atomic garbage anymore.
 I know the plot! I know the plot!

Optional self-parody verses:

8. Went down to a con last week to have myself a good time.
 Look around the costume show, but all the ones I could find
 Were thirteen naked ladies, seven Captain Kirks, four Mister Spocks,
 A dozen Princess Leias and sixteen Slave Boys of Gor.
 They do the schlock! They do the schlock!
9. Mathematics majors often have to graph a function.
 Calculating points and drawing curves gives me compunctions.
 I have a computer with peripherals that draw on paper:
 All I have to do is load the program into core.
 It does the plot! It does the plot!
10. Bavarian Illuminati never show their faces;
 Washington, he disappears and Weishaupt takes his places.
 Joseph Malik turns up missing, Hagbard whistles while he's pissing;
 Immanentize the Eschaton and there won't be no more.
 It's all a plot! It's all a plot!

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DEDICATIONS: Verse (1) to Laura Domitz, who provided me with information that led directly to my attending a Star Trek con in 1974 that led indirectly to my joining fandom;
 Verse (2) to Jeff Grimshaw, glassy-eyed from having watched "Invaders from Mars" on the tube too often;
 Verse (8) to the young man who exhibited himself as Doctor Who this past summer at both SeaCon and NorthAmeriCon;
 Verse (9) to Notfred Mazursky, currently a graduate Math major at U. of Cal. at Berkeley;
 Verse (10) to Reverend Arthur D. Hlavaty, founder and Primal Nut of the Illuminatus! Nut Cult.

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SOME THINGS I LEARNED AT PHILCON continued:

- That it's better not to try and find a restaurant in central Philadelphia if you're starting from King of Prussia and the only directions you have come from the hotel desk clerk.
- That it's a lot easier to have your Chinese feast at Denny's.
- What exactly Aspen imitation apple-flavored soft drink tastes like and why it is unlikely to make any sales inroads on Coca-Cola.
- That Bill Wagner (referred to last month by Barry Walden) lives not in Philadelphia but in New York..
- That in the King of Prussia Shopping Mall, right next to The Pickle Barrel Deli (which has lousy service), you can find a bakery called The Sticky Bun Shop.
- What Jon Estren and John Upton did to each other to earn themselves a heresy trial in the True Faith of the Sacred Cat.
- That it's not a good idea to try to "help out" in facilitating others' sexual relationships, even (especially?) if both are close to you.

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Filksongs Old and New

Verse 2, part 1 (Soprano)

Lastish I predicted that I would have more time for writing, especially to work songs over instead of finishing them in a half hour. This may go down in history alongside Noah's prediction on the first day, "Don't call off the picnic, this looks like it might clear up soon."

So anyway, here I am a week before the deadline and nothing done. I've managed to find a few spare hours to type this. Actually, they aren't really spare, but I've let the other things go so long that they might as well wait a few more days. In the last 8 days I've been to Elmira, Cleveland, Ann Arbor, Canton, and Scranton. Oh, yes, I think there was also a day in Pittsburgh! So be warned, this is going to be a collection (mostly) of 30-minute wonders. But first, a few

Grace Notes

- JB - I liked the OTR verses. Sang the one about Ruthie Carter at CONFusion.
 RH - You rat! Not only did you do a D&D Gory Gory before I did --- it's good!
 HA - I'd forgotten about Fritz! Ah, memories.....
 JK - If you put in four beats to a measure, your HDSQ will be good for 64 years ... "A Merry Minuet" was made popular by the Kingston Trio, but I can't say who wrote it... Actually, they had just removed an IBM to put in the Univac. You may feel free to use IBM, PDP, DEC, HAL, etc., as you please ... Are you certain it needs a "Q" clearance? I have an "L" clearance, and I think I might qualify as having a "Need-to-Know".
 GB - "The Irish Lieutenant" is good. One minor nit - the song you're referring to is "Rosin the Beau", not bow.
 MM - You were right - they botched the distribution of THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI very badly. Not being a C & W fan, I've only heard the original Amanda once. I recall you sang it ^{your version} at NorthAmericon, but I was too far away to get a good tape.
 MR - I'm beginning to think RBL was right about too many songs to The Battle Hymn.
 Nothing for the rest of you now. Perhaps later when I dig out #4.

The visit to Ann Arbor for CONFusion 6 and/or 7 was done (as everything seems to be lately) on very short notice. On Wed. I bought a copy of IASFM to check on the scheduled dates for BoskLone*, and I noticed that there was a Con that Friday. Since I would already be in Cleveland that day on business, I decided to go. Several very good or excellent filkers were there, including Leslie Fish, Robert Asprin, Murray Porath, Cliff Flynt, and several others. I wisely let the masters rotate until they began to get tired and drop out around 4 a.m., at which point I sang a few myself. Talk about playing in company over one's head! At one point I was alternating with Leslie Fish, and then Bob Asprin came and made it a three-way. I consider that I actually did the audience a favor. A singer, like a battery, lasts longer if rested occasionally instead of being in constant service, so I probably stretched Leslie's performance by a few songs. Also, with one exception, I was playing songs that were written by someone else. From APA-Filk I played MM's "Ian and Kensie" and "Gordy's Gang", both of which were received well. I only played one of my own, as I said, and that was "50 Tribbles". It was also the only song where I really botched up the chords. I was using a borrowed guitar with strings more widely spaced, but the real problems were nervousness and lack of practice (I think the second was caused in part by the third). The rest went quite well

* I probably can't make it.

-2-

for a 4-month student. I expect to improve (Ghod, I hope so). I've also learned that it's a good idea to have a few OTR verses on hand at Midwest (MW) cons. Besides JB's, I tried some spur-of-the-moment composing. I think that perhaps my spurs need sharpening, because all I came up with were these:

We went off to worship Venus
And by gosh you should have seen us
Now the Clinic has to screen us
But she's good enough for me.

You may marching with your cross go
You may marching with your cross go
I will worship Ghu and Roscoe
'Cause they're good enough for me.

Oh, well, next time I'll be prepared.

I'm still having difficulty supressing my tendency to take a title, change it slightly, and then build a bland song around it. (Is that a voice I hear yelling "Keep trying!"?) Anyway, even if they start out that way, there is still time to avoid publishing them until they've been improved. Or, if you're lucky, they may never be published at all! Examples that will not be published thish are: Hotel Transylvania (Hotel California), which with some work could be a good follow to The Borgia Orgy; Don't Take Me Over (Don't Make Me Over), a song about PSI, not Dorsai; Subaru (Snookaroo); Unfortunate Nurse Chapple (Unfortunate Miss Bailey). To show you how fortunate you are not to see them, I will put in the following. The Tune is "Johnny Get Angry".

Vulcan Get Angry

by Harold Groot

Mr. Spock, you've gone to seed
My commands you will not heed
You are big and strong, of course
But let me say that I'M THE BOSS, so
Vulcan get angry, Vulcan get mad
Let's see the biggest tantrum you've ever had
Lafeat the flowers, once more you're ours,
Vulcan, show me that you're mad, really mad at me.
When the spores were shot at you
You did not know what to do
You were hanging from a tree
And you would not obey me, so

I'll call you a traitor born
A disgrace to the uniform
Now I've got you good and sore
And if I live I'll beat that spore, so

This whole article was written up yesterday while waiting for or flying in planes. So now you can blame the whole mess on Agony Airlines (oops - they're now called Useless Air). The following song was played over the radio (the original, that is) as I was heading to the airport, and it's not one of those 30 - minute wonders. This one took 37 minutes and 52 seconds. Of course, it can be thrown into the garbage can in .87 seconds....

Don't Say You Weren't Warned

by Harold Groot

Tune: One of those Wonderful Songs

Well it's just one of those songs that you hear at a con
The music's the same but the old words are gone
It once spoke of mem'ries, of people so dear
But now it sings praises of bhourbon and bbeer
Well it's just one of those songs that you sing out of key
It talks of the future, when space flight is free
The verses are many, so come join the throng
It's just one of those SF filksongs

Well it's just one of those songs that a filker has changed
What can you expect from a fan so deranged
It's one of those songs that has words that are new
It now sings the praises of Tallamore Dew (Pause - "learn the traditions")
Well it's a song that is sung after 5 in the morn'
You'll wish that the author had never been born
It had twenty verses, but that quickly grew
And at last count it had 92

Well it's just one of those songs where the author was shot
He once tried to sing it, we said he should not
He strummed on his guitar, which wasn't in tune
Sang of A-bombs in orbit, or else on the moon
Now we could tolerate that but the next thing he said
Is that people who drink would be better off dead
Criticize us - that's fine, but your life you could lose
If you get between us and our booze!

MM was talking lastish about what is or is not a filksong. I agree with her position that serious songs and songs with original tunes are filksongs. I don't have a copy of it, but I understand that there was a record of filk-songs put out under the title "Folksongs for people who haven't been born yet", or something similar. This is probably as good a definition as you will find for the songs oriented to the future, and it definitely includes the serious and the original tune songs. Of course, it doesn't include Slobovian and other fringe-filk, but there's nothing to prove those songs won't be sung in the future.

My own style, up to now, has been to print them as I write them, without waiting for a trial-by-fire at a filksing. Of course, I did not previously know people to perform them and could not myself. I expect that I will sing or print my songs at the first opportunity to do so. The songs thish are getting printed first. The one I write next week will probably be sung first.

MB - I liked "Christmas Crime"

RBL - Ramjet, which I thought was good in an earlier version you sent in a letter, is somewhat improved. Since you said there was good filking at Philcon when I had gone somewhere else (is there a connection?), I'll let you talk about it. I was unimpressed with the singing I heard, except for Fred Kuhn. I wish I had gotten it on tape.

LB - Please let me know if there will be any SCA activity out my way. For that matter, if ANYBODY knows of such, please let me know.

One of the advantages of writing this article with filksongs both old and new is that I don't have to write the old ones. Since I've been going overboard this to say how bad my filks are, I suppose I should put in a comment about how it's better for you the reader not to have to read more of my output. Actually, I think most of my material is decent, but it's slanted to suit my own taste rather than written for the audience's. To get back to old filksongs, this one dates back quite a ways, 30 years at a minimum and probably twice that. I remarked previously that this tune was used often as a basis for filksongs, and provided an example. Well, here's another filk to the tune SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

THE DYING FISHERMAN'S SONG

It was midnight on the ocean, not a streetcar was in sight;
While the sun was shining brightly, for it had rained all the night.
'Twas a summer's day in winter, and the rain was snowing fast,
As a barefoot girl with shoes on stood there sitting in the grass.

It was evening, and the sun rise was just setting in the west;
And the fishes in the tree tops were all cuddled in their nests.
As the wind was blowing bubbles, lightning shot from left to right;
Everything that you could see had been hidden out of sight.

As the organ peeled potatoes, lard was rendered by the choir;
When the sexton rang the dish rag, someone set the church on fire.
"Holy Smokes!" the preacher shouted, as he madly tore his hair,
Now his head resembles heaven, for there is no parting there.

This next song came out of WWII, back when the Air Force was the Army Air Corps. It is put in just to show that there were at least two armed forces filks that did not contain any of the seven words you can't say on TV. The tune is WILD BLUE YONDER.

ARMY CHAIR CORPS.

Off we go, into the file case yonder
Diving deep, into the drawer.
There it is, buried away down under
That damn thing, we've been searching for.
Office men, guarding the Army's red tape
We'll be there, followed by more
With dictionary we're stationary
Nothing can move the Army Chair Corps.

Speaking of schoolfilk (and what a response that got), I'm reminded of two sources of filk or filklake material. Tom Glazer and Dottie Evans recorded an album called SPACE SONGS, on an elementary school level, dealing with Friction, Longitude and Latitude, Sir Isaac Newton, etc. A sort of 1st century Sesame Street. The other source I recall is THE SPACE CHILL S MOTHER GOOSE. While not set to music, I know that there is music for many of the Mother Goose rhymes. Just for an example, and one of my favorites:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Extracting cube roots to infinity.
An assignment for boys that will minimize noise
And produce a more peaceful vicinity.

*Keep on Filkin'!
Harold Shust*

QWXB!!3

Gregory A. Baker, 87-50 125th Street, Richmond Hill, N.Y. 11418 (212)-441-8553

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

So far, so good.... I've actually started my APA contributions for this month. Things are very, very busy and if all goes well, I'll be in one of the "glamor" public professions- radio or publishing. I haven't quit my old job yet, only gone on a leave of absen e, but I'm trying out with a couple of radio stations and the company that publishes Webster's.

The news that I have received from fandom filking is mixed. On the good side, Carolyn Vennino is putting out an album. I can assure you all it is worth purchasing. The Starship Troupers haven't gotten "Starship Troupers" on the market yet, due to lack of capital, but we will be appearing at the Townsley February convention with "Raven", aka Seaton Hancock, on flute. Raven adds a flair to the band that makes us keep bouncing on stage. The bad news is that Lisa Hess, our guitarist, is gafiating. We are currently auditioning for a new guitarist or alto. Omicron Ceti III has lost Kathy Burns to the same cause., and Martha Bonds is scouting a replacement for her around Baltimore. Anyone interested should call her at 301-444-0123 or write at 5005 Yorkwood Road, Glen Burnie, Maryland.

Rich Kolker, the former August Party chairman, is producing a play at Lunacon. The play, based on "1776" with the same music, is set in 1985, when the government has banned science fiction an the lone crusader to stop them is Harlan Ellison.

Some of you thought that the flyer at the end of QWXB!!2 was a joke. It isn't. AUGUSTREK '80 is my personal convention headache. I'm the chairman. We are going to run it at the Sheraton Inn-Northwest Washington on August 1, 2, and 3, 1980. The cost is \$7.00 now and \$10.00 at the door, so if you want to see what Trekfen are like without the little Trekkie monsters about, send your check to me or Gail Pittaway, 5005 Howser Lane, Lanham, Md. 20801 an 2 SASEs.

To prove it, here's a number that Roberta Rogow and Myself wrote:

OLD TREKKERS NEVER DIE
by Gregory Baker and Roberta Rogow
Music: Old Soldiers Never Die

There is a Star Trek con far, far away,

That's where my friends have gone since yesterday.

Maybe I ll go there, too, just to see what Trekkers do,

I will be seeing you, far, far away.

CHORUS: Old Trekkers never die, never die, never die.

Old Trekkers never die-

They just beam away!

There is a hotel room far, far away.

Where I lay down/to sleep one hour a day.

When I sleep, I have to pound, 15 people filking rounds,

I cant sleep for all the sounds two feet away.

CHORUS

There is a restaurant far, far away,
That's where the Trekkers eat three times a day.
There they get the Burger King for the fen projectioning,
And for all the fools who sing, far, far away.

CHORUS

There is a huckster room far, far away.
That's where I met my doom and lost my pay.
I walked in with fifty greens,
Now I have ten Trekkie 'zines.
I am left without the maeans to get away.

CHORUS

There is a costume call far, far away.
That's where she showed it all, freezing in May.
Teeny bra, skirt slit to the knee, no one was as bare as she,
Then along came Destiny. What can I say?

CHORUS

There is a little bus not far away.
That's where they're carting us- hope we can pay.
All my money's spent and gone,
Got no voice- I can't go one-
Tell me, when's another con? Take me away!

CHORUS: Old Trekkers never die,
Never die, never die-
Old Trekkers never die,
They just beam away!

MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA, MEA MAGNA CULPA

In QWXb112 I identified "Oklahoma" as written by Lerner and Lowe. I was wrong. It was Rogers and Hammerstein, of course. I'll bet that I will read this correction in e'ery contribution, but I said it anyway.

THE SQUIRE OF GOTHOS
by Gregory Baker and Lisa Hess
Music: I Feel Pretty

TRELAINÉ

Welcome, bravos! This is Gothos!
I'm so glad that you ventured my way.
I'm the Squire, and I Hope you'll dine with me today.

I'm so pretty, very pretty,
And I'm charming and brilliant as weell,
If you cross me, then I'm certain that I will give you hell!!!

KIRK

See the little squire in the mirror there? (Is there a mirror?)
Is there a reflection I see? (Don't touch that mirror!)
If I pull a gun, will I spoil is fun,
Will he even get mad at me? (BANG) (THUNDER) Oh, he did...

CHORUS OF CREWMEMBERS

He was pretty, oh, so pretty,
But his mirror is changed to a wreck,

TRELAINÉ

And for now, I am out hunting Jimmy-boy's neck!!

See the little rope I'm presenting here? (Oh, dear, a rope.)
I am mad that you spoiled my fun.
But we'll have some sport, then I'll cut you short,
And I'll even let you run!! (Wow, how nice.)

CHORUS OF CREWMEMBERS

He was pretty, then so angry,
But it turns out he's only a boy,
And for now, Mommy's going to let loose his toy!

TRELAINÉ

No, no, no, no, Mommy, you promised me! (Let the man go!)
I was going to let them go free! (Let them go NOW!)
You don't understand, I am in command,
I'm a full-blown General, you see! (TRELAINÉ!!)

I'm so pretty, very pretty,
And I don't have to listen to you, (TRELAINÉ!)
But you're Mommy, so I guess that playtime is through!

But I would have won. I woulda. I woulda...

THE STAR TREK MOVIE SHOW
by Gregory Baker
Music: theme to the Muppet Show

It's time to warp the engines,

So let's get up and go,

To save the Federation in the Star Trek Movie Show.

Jim Kirk is still the captain,

He's Admiral too, you know,

He's going to keep things humming in the Star Trek Movie Show.

You'll see Kirk is a bastard,

You'll see Spock with long hair,

You'll see three ships get plastered,

You'll see Ilia bare!

Let's put on colored jumpsuits,

And mix the fueling flow,

Why don't we get things started on the most sensational, celebrational,
cerebational, inspirational,

Warp-out on the Star Trek Movie Show!

The critics think it's boring.

They put the movie down.

But I would rather trek-out,

Than see "Maria Braun".

If "Star Trek" was so boring,

Why then did we all go?

Because we waited ten years for the most sensational, celebrational,
cerebational, inspirational, product called the Star Trek Movie Show!

Obviously, there may be second opinions on the matter, If so, I don't want
to hear them.

It Gets Hairy Up there on Stage

or

Filksinging for the Complete Neo, Part III

BY NOW, I EXPECT that you have developed an extensive repertoire (QWXb!! 1
in APA-Filk 1) and that you have decided to play an act, either as a solo
act or as a group (QWXb!! 2 in APA-Filk 4). Any way, good luck. once you step
on stage, you're about to enter the most terrifying part of filksinging.

There is a difference between playing at parties and stepping on stage.
A party is a much friendlier place. You can sing what you want when you want and
if you make mistakes, there will be a forgiving audience. On stage performance
involves a distance between singer and audience. Mistakes are not forgiven
easily. People want to be entertained by the singer rather than be their own
entertainment.

Once you get invited to do a stage show, you must work on setting up an act.
There should be a beginning, middle and end, just as in movies and novels.
Of course, your music may not follow a logical plot sequence, but there are
emotional beginnings and ends. A folk-style filker should start with something
fast and light, in my opinion. There should be a very good song, with a lot of
emotional impact, to finish the set. After finishing one set, the next set
should be similarly structured, and so forth until they point to a grand finale.

The music you play must be technically as perfect as possible. If you can't
do everything well, you should concentrate on your strong points and shoring up
your weak points until they are passable. If, for example, you are a superb
guitar player but your voice resembles a piece of rasping sandpaper, you should
let your picking be the key musical part to your show and not try to sing
doleful ballads, when the tears in the eyes of your audience may not be from the
tune. There is a caveat. The only difference between filk music and regular
music is the subject matter.

Rehearsals should be concentrating on the set material until the performance.
make sure that everyone in the group not only know what they are supposed to do
but what everyone else will be doing as well.

On stage, take an hour or more off to check the acoustics and the audio
system that you'll be working with. If you're using someone else's sound man,
be sure he knows what you will need. Once he knows what you want, and you're
satisfied the sound check shows you have a clear sound and is adequately loud,
then get off stage and eat and take an hours rest.

You have done what you can. You are about to go on stage; don't worry. Be sure your instruments are in tune, that you have spare strings and picks laid out, and that you have the songs in each set taped to the mike or the instrument. Then you've done well. But if, when you step on stage, you see nothing but a thousand eyes- when your knees shake and your voice dries up- when you can wish you could run away but can't move- then let it be known that we all feel the same way.

Good luck!

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Harold Groot: Aha, I see that you are in the SPEBs. My musical experience has had barbershop as a key component for a long time. My father was in the SPEBQSUA and my mother was in Sweet Adelines, (the female equivalent of SPEBQSUA), first as a director, then as a judge in the Regional and International competitions, and now director of the Chesapotomac chapter in Region 14 (Charles County, Maryland). When we were young, my three brothers and I were painstakingly taught numbers like "I Want A Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad" (which is Lazarus Long's theme song in the original manuscript of "Time Enough for Love"; Bob Heinlein can't read music, that's all). We later grew to despise the stuff- much too late for regretting about if we had stayed together singing. My mother thought that I would end up like the Osmonds on the "Andy Williams Show". If we did, we would all be very, very rich by now.

Barbershop music is wonderful for training voices. So are church choirs and college and high school gleesclubs. However, what is good in one is not always good in the other. Barbershop music is brighter than other choral music. Doing both teaches flexibility. However, I have time for neither, as I am busy in the National Guard when the Queens County SPEBs meet.

John Boardman: I know a little of "Dirty Gertie from Bizertie". According to Stars and Stripes, it wasn't a song for a long while. It was remembered as a poem.

Dirty Gertie from Bizertie
 Hid a mousetrap up her skirtie
 Made the fellows' fingers hurtie,
 Kept the boys from getting flirtie,
 She was voted in Bizertie,
 Miss Latrine foe nineteen-thirty...

And that's all that I have. (ct Richards) When you consider that APA-Filk is unlike Kantele in that there is a "in-joke" attitude going on, and that many of the contributors are Slbopolitans, don't be surprised that there are Slobbovian filksongs. (sic)

Jordin Kare: (ct me) I don't have the Erotic Muse but I don't have a book called Fifty Bawdy Ballads from Pills to Furge Melancholy, or rather a xerox copy. The music is excellent as a source for stealing filksongs, and many of the songs wouldn't be out of place at a Univon filksing. As for original tunes, the reason that you don't see them in QWXB!! is the effort in writing music in its proper arrangement is difficult enough, and the originals are mostly for Trekkers, and you can get them either in the forthcoming "Starship Troupers" tape or "The Green Book", equally forthcoming.

Now I remember. A Book! "sing A Song of Star Trek" is going to be on the market soon, with most of the songs by Roberta Rogow, but one song, "The Dealer's Duo", written with me. I make the pros, guys!

Harry Andruschak: Welcome!

In school, I sang similar songs. Here's one you may know:

Tararaboomdeay,

There is no school today,

Our teacher passed away,

We killed her yesterday.

We threw her in the bay,

She scared the fish away,

Tararaboomdeay,

There is no school today.

Mark Blackman: Honest, I was going to get around to doing the anthem of the Filkesinger Guild as a cover for APA-Filk #7. I've also got covers for #5 & #6. If my boss had known I was doing them on company time, the management would have fired me, but now they can't I got a better job. What the hell, I talk to you on the phone more often than I write this zine.

BOB LIPTON: Disco music had one drawback when it started: it was the music of both blacks and gays. That meant that it was not going to be accepted easily by most radio stations around the country, and most of the listening audience that disco still has is limited into the cities. Here, as I write this in Waterloo, New York, about 800 km from New York, I can listen to three local stations. All three play country. The station manager at WSWF noted that Rochester and Syracuse and the Ontario stations all have diversified markets and can play "black music". They consist of the center of radio marketing in the country, not WKTU in New York and WKYS in Washington. There aren't any blacks or gays that I have seen here.

The decline of the musical may have another cause: the rise of country music as the major record market in the U.S. Country music is not readily transferrable to the screen. Only the jazzy forms of musical carried on the screen, or music swiped from the symphonic tradition, as Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific", "Oklahoma" or the Glenn Miller musicals.

Neither country music or disco carried well because of the nature of the music. Country music and disco have constant rhythms. The requirements of a musical is to tell a story with music and with action. The meter and rhythms of musicals' selection make variety necessary. Rock has barely made it on screen, for that matter.

What about putting an index in each issue?

Raymond Heuer: The tunes weren't very original, but then, what can you expect from fans? If we all composed our own, no one else in fandom could sing them. Most of us are musically semi-literate or illiterate.

I was very pleased to meet you, too. One of these days you'll get my player's fee for the Slobbovia game. One of these days I'll understand the rules. One of these days I'll understand tensor calculus, too.

If I'm still in New York, I still want to do an APA-Filk party.

Well, I have reached my quota for this month.

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CARTHAGIO DELENDRA EST!!!

Gregory Baker

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME! #4 for APA-Filk #5

Margaret Middleton
PO Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219
Jan. 20, 1980

Kantéle #4/5 really is ready, this time, and I'm enclosing the table of contents in this apa mailing to prove it! There it sits, all boxed and ready to have stamps bought for it whenever I can get to the PO tomorrow. I guarantee this issue is a bargain at 50¢ a copy, too (for those of you in the pap who aren't Filk Foundation members): it costs 53¢ to mail it 3rd class! The backside of the contents page for 4/5 is an index to issues 1-3--they're all 50¢ per also. If you order one copy each of all 4 issues I and the Foundation just might break even on the deal. As of the next issue the by-mail price is going to have to go up, at least to 75¢, maybe more. It will still be 50¢ from huckster, though (they get the benefit of bulk-shipping via UPS).

On to whatever I'm driven to say about mailing 4--

Harold Groot: Thanks for the kind words on my voice. "Madeira" is only one of the ensemble productions found in MW singing. I don't think Bob Asprin and Al Frank did any of their "Fafhrd & Mouser" stuff at North-americon, but were you on the boatride to see "Thais"?

The prospect of
filk/SPEBSQSA hybridization is more than a little mind-boggling. I can't wait to hear some of the results!

Have you tried an autoharp? A friend of mine got one for Christmas and let me play with it for part of an afternoon. There's some limitation on the number of chords available, and capoing is not possible, but on the other hand you don't have to worry about how to finger the chords. And it's got a really distinctive sound. Next time I get with her I'm going to be sure to have a blank tape along just to get recordings of some particular songs I've got in mind with the autoharp accompaniment.

It appears that "Gory Gory" is becoming a cult song in APA-Filk. I think the chorus after the final verse in the ST one is superfluous (cut'em off at the punchline!).

I've answered this already in a letter to Harold, but yes, "Tribbles in the Quatrotriticale" to "Mrs. Murphy's Chowder" has been done already. Mike Lowrey of Milwaukee had it in the notorious HOPSFA volume that came out just before MAC. One of the few songs in it that they credited copyright on.

You have truly captured the essence of the fannish sardinecan, Harold.

My boss just got back from his annual skiing vacation--I've extracted "Ski, Ski, Ski" and "Superskiier" and the Skiers "Gory Gory" to run through the copier and give to him tomorrow. (finally remembered to do it!)

Noreascon seems to be shaping up to be a massively musical worldcon--I'm contracted to Laurie Mann for at least one session of kidfilk (anyone want to collaborate on that?); Lynn Aronson is coordinating a Fan Cabaret and "The Great Noreascon One-Shot Chorale"; and it appears that they are also following Northamericon's lead in scheduling separate rooms for guitar-based filkers and piano-based filkers. I hope you can dragoon some of the SPEBSQSA's into the con.

The dragonrider's song is very good. Send it to Anne McCaffrey--she loves to get new dragonsongs.

John Boardman: Oh, goodie! Another one to "Roll Mo Over"! And it's even clean!

I think I've heard Leslie Fish sing a version of "The Good Ship Venus"; that "frigging in the rigging" chorus makes itself audible in her voice in my head. In the version she sang the second line was "masturbating on the grating" and I've (perhaps mercifully) forgotten the third line.

Effing British military songs, eh?

We had been flying all day at a hundred effing feet
The weather effing awful, effing rain and effing sleet.
The compass it was swinging effing South and effing North
But we made an effing landfall in the Firth of effing Forth.

Ain't the Air Force effing awful? (tepeat twice)
We made an effing landfall in the Firth of effing Forth.

We joined the effing Air Force 'cos we thought it effing right
And dont care if we effing fly or if we effing fight.
But what we do object to are those effing Ops Room twats
Who sit there sewing stripes on at the rate of effing knots!

Tune/title unknown. I found it in THE WAR IN THE AIR: THE RAF IN WWII, Gavin Lyall ed. Ballantine edition 1970, second printing 1972 \$1.65 (then). Delightful reading if you are at all into military history or aviation history. Here's another one:

tune "That's Peggy O'Neill"

What's that shining through the night?
Sweet Rathlin O'Birne.
Shat's that fourteen-second light?
Sweet Rathlin O'Birne.
Eff all your Astro, SE, and DR:
When we see Rathlin, we know where we are.
Sweet little light-house; don't need that shite-house;
Sweet Rathlin O'Birne!

(Astro= star-light navigation; SE = "Special Equipment " (radar); DR= Deadreckoning--a sophisticated gambling game based upon how fast you think

you're going in the direction you hope you're pointed and how long it's been since you were at the last place you thought you were. See also GLIDE PATH by Arthur C. Clarke for further explication of "shite-house".) It took a few days for the "Millevolta" etc. references to perk through. I'm not particularly a film fan.

Raymond Heuer: Eureka!! The D&D Gory-Gory! I like it.

Oh, no. This seems to be a bumper-crop year for "poking fun at ourselves" filksongs. (See also "Filksingers' History" and "The Title Will Follow" in K4). Now this. I love it.

Harry Andruschäk: welcome to our nightmare!

That particular old-school filk went like this in my district:

My country's tired of me, I'm going to Germany
To serve the King;
I'll serve him sauerkraut, with weenies sticking out.
Then we will all rejoice and shout;
HOTSY-TOTSY! HE'S A NAZI!

ahem.

Jordin Kare: Another friendly face--welcome to the ranks.

My own musical background is basic grade-school stuff, + 2 years of junior-high band (saxophone) + a semester of college choir somewhere along the line. I can transcribe from tape to sheetmusic (but then I have a piano in my living room, out-of-tune as it is). I am hopeless at sight-singing, though. Give me the sheetmusic and an hour or so alone with the piano and I can learn it, but I cannot sing strange music cold.

A ham filk? Let's see it!

Greg Baker: You know, I didn't even realize page 6 was out of sequence until I got past page 5? Interesting/useful info about Eastcoast filkers. I've met Fred Kuhn.

We've had about every Gory-Gory except the original, it's about time somebody inflicted it on us; might as well be you.

Mark Richard: yes, I know trools.

"Rimini" can be found in your local library in a fat volume titled RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE: DEFINITIVE EDITION from Doubleday. What tune? I'm working on a collection of Kipling for Kantële; this is one I'm not familiar with.

Mark Blackman: That's supposed to fit "Hatikvah"??!

"Christmas Crime" is only too true, unfortunately.

Robert Lipton: I finally read EARTHMAN'S BURDEN last month, when Ace finally issued its reprint edition; now I appreciate your "Mixumaxu Gazette" reference.

I should sic you onto Randy Farran: 321 Stone Drive, Parsons, KS, 67357. He plays mandolin and draws filk cartoons. In fact I'll send you one he sent me. That way you can send him a freebie of the mailing with a clear conscience.

I'm tempted to suggest you might look up Ann Cass's "Causes of REbellion" in the 1976 HOPSFA volume for inspiration on your "Causes of Renunciation" song. She was working from Martha Keller's "Retreat Along the Wabash", as sung by Juanita Coulson.

Lee Burwasser: As it happens I will be seeing Anderson at a convention in Texas this Spring and will ask him about "Brandobar". In the meantime, if you know "Three Kings Rode Out on the Road To Hell" (also by him, with tune by Gordy Dickson), "Brandobar" fits that tune also. I'm intending to sing it so if I can locate/retrieve my copy of the HOPSFA book & refresh my memory on "Brandobar" (I don't have AFTER DOOMSDAY)

So... sheetmusic can be electrostencilled! dammit, though, at least put the first verse up there with the music so we can be sure where the syllables match up with the notes!

Also--you stopped to define feminine internal rhyme when you first used the term, but did not then tell us how masculine rhyme differs from that in the example quoted. Please elucidate.

You don't really need to know anything about Seldom Rest to appreciate that particular lyric, as long as you do know that it was composed by someone from the Dark Horde. Wasn't "jungle juice" also composed by the Dark Horde?

1-21 A phone call from Clif Flynt after Confusion reports the Johns Hopkins University SF Assoc. (HOPSFA) has undergone a fairly complete turnover of membership and is interested in reviving the HOPSFA Hymnal. The University reportedly confiscated the text material when it found out about the copyright flap attendant upon the last edition. In order to get it "out of hock", the HOPSFans are working on contacting people to clear up permissions. Anyone with further information on this is encouraged to contact me/the Filk Foundation.

A letter arrived in today's mail from Zebbee Johnstone, 42 Epsom Ave., Belmont 6104, Western Australia. Johnstone is on the committee of the 19th National Convention (Swancon 5) to be held 15-18 August and is enquiring about Filksinging contacts. Seems they had Gordon Dickson as last year's NatCon Pro GoH and he did some filking... I have sent along the NESFA and APA-Filk addresses, along with some Kantéle back-issues. Anyone else interested to "donate, sell, or trade filksongs to/with fans in Western Australia should contact Johnstone.

KANTELE 4/5 SUMMER/FALL 1979

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Editor: Margaret Middleton

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"He's been known to pull people's arms out..."

Kirby Sloan

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50 WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS

This is the third Way to Torture Terrans, inflicted upon an unwary and unwilling readership by the always evil Raymond E. Heuer, 162-10 87th Rd., Jamaica, NY 11432. Tel.: (212) 657-7887. The "E.", by the way, stands for the national anthem (any recognizable national nathem.).

Not going to be much this issue. Just a few four-line thingies, none of which are mine, and a few assorted comments. First, however, I would like to share with you a tidbit garnered from my readings required by my History class on Ancient Rome. In 451 B.C., and again in 450 B.C., a group of ten men met to attempt a codification of Roman law. What resulted were the Ten Tables.

Table VIII concerns itself with "Torts and Delicts", which is another way of saying intentional wrongs committed by one person against another. It begins with the following provision:

"If any person has sung or composed against another person a song such as was causing slander or insult to another, he shall be clubbed to death."

Wouldn't that be fun, boys and girls?

Next we have my small additions to the songs we all sung in school about how we'd love to take care of the teachers, etc. The first was related to me by Dan Gelber and was sung at his elementary school in Hicksville. It is the tune of "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, It's Off to Work We Go", or had you already guessed that?

Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, It's off to school we go,
With hand grenades and razor blades, heigh ho, heigh ho.

Enough of that, my favorite one in old East Islip Junior High School was to the Chiquita Banana Jingle, whose words we've all forgotten, but whose tune I'm sure you all know.

I'm Chiquita Banana and I'm here to say,
If you want to get rid of your teacher here's the way;
Just eat a banana, put the peel on the floor,
And watch your teacher slide out the door.

It's amazing what the mind retains, isn't it?

Comment time:

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time 4 (Middleton): Perhaps those of us with cassette recorders and decent singing voices could swap tapes? I understand that cassettes are both cheap to mail and will withstand the ravages of the post awful.

In momentary defense of Filthy Pierre, at last year's LunaCon, Bob Lipton and I sung some tunes from APA-Filk and/or our memories, with an eye toward filling the dead "air" while Pierre selected another from his hymnal. Pierre did his best to keep up with us despite the fact that Bob and I usually sing in different tempi. (simultaneously)

Singspiel 3 (Blackman): Just noticed that you put the Chicita Banana bit in. It had slipped my mind, but now I know what triggered my memory.

The idea is for you to remind me to give you the lyrics of "I Care" in person, I do not intend to print them here. Like many country songs, Tom T. Hall tends to put in tunes which are really instrumental meters to the poetry..

Teila's in an awful spot...

Defending Alpha Prime...

~~And~~ The action's getting hot...

Tune in next time!

Our girl is in an awful spot...

Will she get out will she not?

She her shiver, hear her shriek...

To be continued next week!

The filksong to the left is an instant inspiration. The tune is the theme from the cartoon "Star Blazers", and it refers to a "Perils of Pauline"-genre heroine called Teila O'Malley.

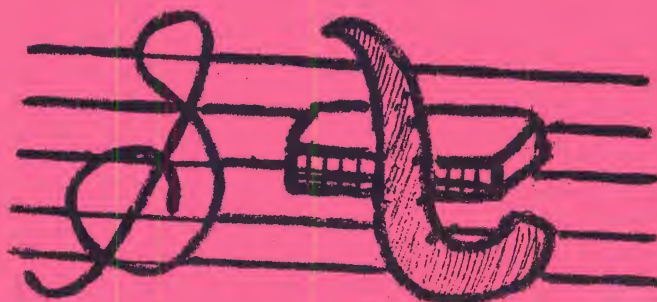
Details next page or next issue.

Apologies for typewriter failure.

ATA-Talk

FEBRUARY 1980

#5



and Black